

# THE CANADIAN FORUM

*A Monthly Journal of Literature and Public Affairs*

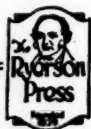


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AUGUST - 1925

Vol. V., No. 58

5-9



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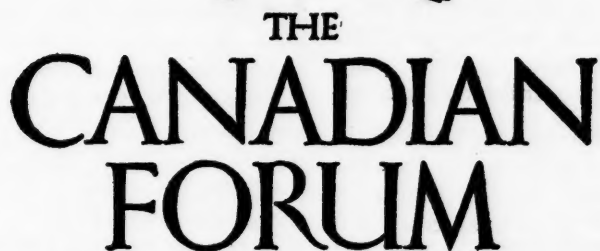
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Published monthly at 152 St. George Street, Toronto. British Agents, Imperial News Company, Limited, Brems Buildings, London. E.C.4; American Agents, Hotelling's News Agency, 308 West 40th Street, New York City. Copyright, October, 1920.

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**D**URING the past month the situation in the Cape Breton area has undergone little change. The provincial election resulted in a crushing defeat for the Liberal party, and the Conservatives are placed in a position where they have complete control over the political fortunes of Nova Scotia. There will be few mourners for the defunct Armstrong machine, but whether the new Premier will pursue a more enlightened policy in dealing with industrial problems, is still a matter for conjecture. Mr. Rhodes, who heads the new administration, is and ex-Speaker of the House of Commons, and possesses the judicial deportment becoming to such an eminent position. Unfortunately, in order to sustain this august post it is necessary to possess a nice sense of precedent and constitutional usage.

whereas qualities quite other than these will be required to effect a real solution of the industrial tangle in the coal fields. The history of the relations between capital and labour in this region reveals a complete lack of co-operation between the two bodies, and if an adequate settlement is to be brought about, it would be well to start by disregarding all precedent.

**I**T is probable that labour made a tactical error in giving a large percentage of its vote to the Conservative party. The miners were determined to defeat the Armstrong government at all costs, and they did not know that this could be accomplished without their assistance. If the workers had displayed a little more 'class solidarity' and had voted for labour candidates, they might have elected an opposition group which could perform invaluable work in bringing to the attention of the public the grievances of the under-privileged classes.

#### SLAVERY IN CHINA

**A**LTHOUGH the theory of self-determination does not evoke the same joyful enthusiasm among the adherents of humanitarianism as it did a few years ago, there is general agreement that all nations possess certain inherent rights that should be respected, and there is an uneasy feeling among the western nations, that their treatment of China has not always been in accordance with this principle of natural rights. The extra-territorial privileges enjoyed by foreigners in the treaty ports, against which the 'young Chinese' are protesting so strenuously, were designed originally to relieve the alien from the necessity of observing local laws and customs, but they are now utilized mainly as a bulwark, under which cover the foreign factory owners are enabled to exploit the 'heathen Chinese' in the interests of industrial efficiency and large profits. How bad the conditions are may be gathered from the report of a commission which investigated a number of manufacturing plants in Shanghai. One of the recommendations, made as a result of this enquiry, was to the effect that no infant under ten years of age should be employed in factory work, and that children between the ages of ten and fourteen should not be required to labour for more than twelve hours a day. Needless to say, these paternalistic proposals for the coddling of the youthful Chinese proletariat were not put into effect. From the nationalist point of view, the moral aspect of the case is somewhat obscure, in view of the fact that the workers are no better treated by the native capitalist than they are by the foreign financiers. Whatever the nationality of his master, the coolie exists under a condition of complete servitude.

#### RED GOLD

**E**VERY labour disturbance, or attempt at direct action, on the part of oppressed minorities in any of the six continents has during the last few years been traced to the wiles and machinations of the Bolsheviks. The British Labour Party, the Sinn Fein, the Johannesburg strikers, and the miners of Cape Breton, all have in turn received their ration of red Russian gold. If the Third International has disbursed a fraction of the grants accredited to it by our inspired press, the monetary resources of the U.S.S.R. must have been prodigious. There is no doubt that the communists have done what they could to aid any attack on capitalism, and it is probable that so long as a communistic government survives in any part of the world and a capitalistic power in another, there will be guerilla warfare between the two systems. A good communist regards his economic theories with the same reverence that a good Christian feels towards his religion, and in his proselytizing activities the Bolshevik missionary is no less ardent than his contemporary of any other faith. During the recent rioting in China the communists forwarded a gift of some \$25,000 to the strikers, while the other powers were content to send gunboats to the scene of action. If it is the ambition of the powers to win the hearts of the Chinese, it is just possible that the proceeding of the Russian people may be more effective than the orthodox diplomacy of the other nations. If the Bolsheviks have helped to increase the agitation, as seems probable, they can hardly be accused of initiating the trouble, although Zinoviev, in an ironic letter, accepts the blame for the whole affair, and adds that undoubtedly the Japanese earthquake was decreed by the executive of the Communist Party.

#### THE SCOPES TRIAL

**E**VERYONE knows what the Scopes trial meant. It was a campaign on the part of the real estate agents of Dayton to 'boost their lots', a means whereby Messrs. Bryan and Darrow kept in the open path of the limelight, a ruse on the part of the press to get rich publicity material, or a plan well laid by certain public-minded individuals for a great religious and educational revival amongst the American people. A British press has no right to laugh, because it does not understand. We are quite sure of this. Whatever else there was in the Scopes trial, a conspicuous ingredient was science-versus-religion debate. We have little sympathy for either side, as neither science nor religion could hope to be adorned by its exponents at Dayton. When one of the leading witnesses to be called for



science, Prof. H. F. Osborne, head of the American Museum of Natural History, in the course of an article in a recent American *Forum*, classes William McDougall, the psychologist, as a mechanist, then we know what accuracy of statement was likely to be forthcoming. Some pseudo-science, and some pseudo-scientists, were shown up in the course of the trial, for there is a large number of teachers, especially in biological subjects, whose desire to have their science simplified quite blinds their appreciation of truth, and evolution tends to be regarded as no more of a problem than the boiling of potatoes, and man as something less complex than an automobile engine.

THE keynote of the Scopes trial was struck when Attorney-General Stewart, acting for the State of Tennessee, said: 'The defence looks upon the trial as a chance to educate the world in their theories of evolution'. And there can be little doubt but that this contention bulked largely in the minds of the defence counsel. The important question came to be, not, Is John Scopes guilty or innocent? Did John Scopes in fact teach in the State schools a theory that denies the story of the divine creation of man as taught in the Bible?—but, Who is to be the victor in the battle between the forces of Light and Darkness, with both sides claiming to be Light? Given the charge, it might be thought inevitable that the defence would attempt to prove that the theories of evolution and the Book of Genesis are fundamentally in accord. On the contrary, they 'wish to state at the beginning of this case that the defence believes there is a direct conflict between the theory of evolution and the theories of creation as set forth in the Book of Genesis'. That this is in essence a plea of 'guilty' was complacently ignored by both sides. What Mr. Darrow and his adherents were interested in was enlightening the public on evolutionary theories in general and holding up to scorn the anti-evolution statute. The prosecution were equally irrelevant. Their attorneys rose to argue the inadmissibility of expert opinion on evolution only to wail 'Would they have me believe that I was once a worm and writhed in the dust?'—all of which would be, according to British tradition, a gross contempt of court. The general public, however, has absorbed large quantities of information, and doubtless has become conversant with much that is interesting and valuable.

#### CANCER RESEARCH

THE news from London that the cause of cancer has been discovered has been received with more than the usual interest given to this type of newspaper report, as it is quoted on

the authority of the British Medical Research Council. An opinion on the subject is not admissible until the experimental evidence comes to hand, yet we do not desire to be classed with the sceptical, for the reason that such a solution as has been arrived at by the English workers appears to meet the difficulties of the cancer problem very well. A minute philter-passing germ has been brought into the realm of the visible by means of an ultra-microscope which is the invention of Barnard, a scientist for amusement and a hatter for the more serious demands of life. Pure cultures of the germ have apparently been isolated, but the inoculation of these into animals is not followed by cancerous growths. The latter occur only after the germ has been inoculated along with some pressed tissue from the same species of animal as that experimented on. The germ is not specific, but the bruised tissue is. There has hitherto been as little evidence for the germ theory of cancer as for numerous other theories of the cause of the disease. If the English evidence is satisfactory, then a definite advance has been made in cancer research.

#### ADVERTISING

THERE is a curious difference of opinion nowadays with regard to the propriety of advertising. Religious teachers have been advertising their sermons for years by publishing curiosity-rousing titles in the press; and certain practitioners of the healing art, though repudiated by their more punctilious competitors, continue to print picturesque and suggestive columns. 'Have you an Internal Demon? I have removed nine thousand of them by my Simple and Painless Method', says one genial professor. 'Do you swell and bloat after eating? Do you feel a strange lassitude in the mornings and a disinclination to work?' asks another disciple of Aesculapius. And our hearts warm to him, for we have often felt a lassitude in the morning and a disinclination to work, and we should like to think that some nasty microbe is at the bottom of it. Even the undertakers are now divesting themselves of their traditional taciturnity. 'In the hour of death, call Main —', we read not long ago. We have had many different kinds of advice about what to do in the hour of death; some of the suggestions related to first aid, others were of a religious, philosophical, or legal character; but here, at last, was an intensely practical one which we shall keep on our desk file. 'Why Go Elsewhere and Pay More when you can have a Guaranteed First-Class Funeral for \$99?' Ah, why indeed? As for Paying More, we should no more think of it than of Going

Elsewhere, now that our attention has been called to the matter. Let's have more advertising.

### LAURELS AND CASH

**W**HEN the Ontario Branch of the Canadian Authors' Association asked Premier Ferguson to follow the example of Quebec and make an annual grant to encourage literature, he refused. It is not easy to convince the politicians who handle public funds that the arts deserve consideration, but in this instance no one, except the disappointed authors, will quarrel with Premier Ferguson's action. A Government award to the best poem or novel of the year suggests the crowning of masterpieces. The award would be another sop to mediocrity, and do more towards the encouragement of complacency than of literature.

### EPSTEIN'S HUDSON MEMORIAL

**E**PSTEIN has brought the widest publicity on himself and on W. H. Hudson by carving a female figure in stone relief for the Hudson memorial in Hyde Park, London, with hands, head and body in incorrect realistic proportions. No doubt, as in the yet more signal instance of Dayton, Tennessee, we can put something down to the power of the press. Yet, when we have subtracted this, there remains a residue, a dregs. We call it public opinion, a capriciously inflammable substance, which has burned many fingers and more than fingers. The question in this case is not so much whether Epstein's work is good or bad, but rather why public opinion should kindle at all over a piece of sculpture. The world wags nonchalantly among good sculpture and bad, fine buildings and ugly, and suddenly a piece of sculpture sets it by the ears. Why? Educationists please answer.

### ON PARLIAMENT HILL BY A POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT

**W**ITH the prorogation of Parliament on June 27th there came a happy release from as wearisome a session as Ottawa has ever known. It ended with the usual scandal of a mass of ill-digested legislation presented to Parliament in the last fortnight, and millions of dollars of estimates rushed through in a few hours without adequate consideration. The supplementary estimates contained some mysterious items, obviously not unconnected with campaign funds. Meanwhile the Senate, which was apparently not overawed by the Premier's threat of a crusade against its powers, is enjoying a temporary prestige as a useful watch-dog for the public purse. It performed upon the Government's Home Bank Act a pretty piece of surgery which will save the country nearly three million dollars, it stopped the construction of two wasteful branch lines which were planned for purely political purposes, and it killed a ridiculous rural credits bill, which was hurried in during the last week of the session. If it had only found courage to eliminate the indefensible largesse allocated to Quebec Harbor, its members would

have deserved a crown of bay leaves each for their services.

The result of the provincial elections in Nova Scotia is for the Conservatives what Cromwell would have called a "crowning mercy". In view of the economic plight of the province and the patent incompetence of the Armstrong Government many political sages predicted a narrow Conservative victory, but few expected the wholesale inundation which overwhelmed the Liberal party in one of its traditional strongholds. If Ministers at Ottawa were entitled to draw a heartening moral from the result in Saskatchewan, despite the fact that Mr. Dunning had pointedly dissociated the fortunes of his Ministry from the record of the Federal Government, they must find a grim augury in the Nova Scotia polls where no attempt is ever made to segregate provincial and national issues. Only one of the Liberal members who represent Nova Scotia at Ottawa failed to take an active part in the campaign, and he had the dubious satisfaction of finding that his county was the only Liberal fortress which survived the Conservative assault. Mr. E. N. Rhodes will be a creditable figure as Premier, but I shall be curious to see how so staunch a protectionist manages to effect a retreat from his electioneering dalliance with the doctrines known as "Maritime Rights", which include an approach to free trade via a sort of regional tariff.

The provincial election in New Brunswick, which had been fixed for July 20th has been hurriedly postponed, but it must be held very soon, and the infection of Nova Scotia is likely to prove fatal to the Veniot Government. The control of provincial administrations is a notorious asset to a party in a Federal contest, and as the same factors, economic stagnation, high taxation and loss of population, which influenced the result in Nova Scotia, will be found operating in the Federal sphere, it can be assumed that not more than a fraction of the 25 Liberal seats in the Maritime provinces can henceforth be rated safe for Liberalism. But the results of the Nova Scotian débâcle may easily be much more far-reaching. I have long suspected that the great Non-Partisan League of St. James St., Montreal, were still in doubt whether they would throw their influence at the next election on the side of Mr. King or Mr. Meighen. They make no secret of contempt for Mr. King's administrative abilities and dislike his patter about reform and democracy, but they like his pliability and find the happy character of his present relations with Quebec, the great reservoir of Conservatism, very useful. They acknowledge the superiority of Mr. Meighen's intellectual gifts, but they find it hard to forgive many of his sins, and harder still to forswear their vows to compass his political extermination. However, like other people, they do not like to back losing horses, and I imagine that for the first time in many years grudging appreciations of Mr. Meighen as a statesman will begin to be heard in the smoking-room of the Mount Royal Club. And if such a change of sentiment takes practical shape in bounteous campaign contributions, a grand assault upon the Liberal trenches in Quebec will be possible, and will offer some hope of success.

Meanwhile the Liberal camp at Ottawa is the scene of a fierce controversy concerning the date of the Federal election. The Quebec Ministers and members have always been urgent for an early appeal as they believe that the times will never be more propitious for a repeti-

tion of the Liberal triumph of 1921 in their province. They are backed by Mr. Motherwell and Mr. Stewart who discern a very favourable atmosphere for Liberalism in the West as the result of Mr. Dunning's victory and the good crop prospects. But from the stricken field in Nova Scotia there have come plaintive messages beseeching postponement till 1926, and the Minister of National Defence has become a fervent advocate of such tactics. He is also being supported by most of the Ontario Liberal members who now desire that the healing hand of time should be applied to the episode of the special Canadian flag. The controversy will probably rage for a month with varying fortunes, and from my knowledge of the statesman with whom the deciding voice must lie, I would favour the chances of a postponement of the ordeal till 1926. However, this course will not be taken without grave qualms and the shadow of the 1926 Budget, and its inevitable revelations will haunt Ministers through the winter months.

\* \* \*

Undoubtedly the most diverting episode of the session has been the above-mentioned episode of the special Canadian flag. It has been a pet hobby of an organization called the Native Sons of Canada and a few editors of the nationalist faith. The Premier suddenly discovered a vast volume of popular sentiment in favour of a special national flag and in an eloquent speech announced to the House of Commons that a committee of high-placed civil servants had been appointed to examine and report upon the merits of alternative designs. The members of this committee were perfectly logical choices in view of their respective offices, but, alas, an examination of their religious pedigree had been neglected and vigilant Protestant eyes soon discovered that not one of the six accepted the doctrines of the Reformation. The storm broke at once. Bravely guided by the Toronto Telegram and the Orange Sentinel, the ghost of King William of pious and immortal memory began to ride the marches, and Liberal members from Ontario were soon able to demonstrate to their leader that he had stirred up a real hornet's nest. So Mr. King promptly disbanded his special committee but the mischief done will not be easily repaired, and one Liberal member, whose constituency abounds in violent Protestants, avers that the incident has lost him beyond recall a good 500 votes. Meanwhile sound Nationalists who had been eulogizing the Premier for his courageous move are deeply exasperated at his retreat, and I am awaiting with interest the observations of the editor of the Manitoba Free Press, who is not accustomed to mince his words.

### BIG BUSINESS

THE decision of the Appellate Court in upsetting the convictions recorded by the trial judge in the case of the Directors of the Home Bank is interesting as showing the extent to which power may be legally divorced from responsibility in our financial organizations. It can hardly be doubted that the directors of a bank have power to shape the general policy of their institution, and can exercise at least permissive control over the issue of any large credits. More than that, they are able to divert a reasonably large volume of credit into channels where it will best operate in the

pecuniary interests of individual directors. But modern big business has attained to such a high pitch of specialization in function and responsibility, that the men who actually direct the course of a business to their own satisfaction and benefit, are enabled to repudiate any liability for conditions that may arise as a result of their management. There is no question that a large proportion of public opinion is more in sympathy with the point of view of Judge Coatsworth than that of the Court of Appeal; but it is possible that this attitude is the result of an outraged moral sense rather than a perception of the niceties of jurisprudence. The mass of the public still holds firmly to the principles of the Mosaic law, and there is a popular belief that in a case of this nature the ends of justice can only be served by large measures of summary punishment. That no financial relief would accrue to the unfortunate depositors and shareholders of the wrecked institution through the imprisonment of the Directorate is quite certain, and it is to be doubted if a jail sentence would have any reformatory effect on these gentlemen, even if they were legally in need of reformation, which is not the case. It is difficult to escape the conclusion that most of the odium which attaches to the management of the Home Bank is due to their financial incompetence, rather than to any transgressions of an ethical code. If they had made a success of the business and had been able to continue their eight per cent. dividends indefinitely, the directors might have disregarded all moral philosophy without incurring any serious measure of popular disfavour. In big business as in baseball, the only unforgivable sin is that of failure.

If calamities of this description serve no other purpose, they at least enable the iconoclast to discount some of the excessive claims made on his own behalf by the business man. No golden calf ever received a tithe of the adulation that is offered today by the votaries of 'Business' at the shrine of their divinity. All other interests in life must be subservient to this supreme Master, and the business man as such is commonly regarded as almost infallible. A cursory survey of the financial press, the trade journals, and the more popular magazines, will demonstrate that this is no exaggeration of the popular state of mind in all the industrial districts of North America. It is a commonplace assertion that more and better business methods should be incorporated into politics, art, and religion. For example, a retiring official of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association recently suggested that the government of Canada should be turned over to a select group of business men for a term of years, in order that the country should be set up as a



going concern. All of which implies a superior intellectual and managerial capacity on the part of the genus 'business man' to all lesser orders; which may, or may not, have any basis in scientific fact. That political and religious institutions are perennially in need of reform few would deny, but that the business man possesses any superior excellence, outside of his special province of money making, may well be questioned. Admittedly the business man is a specialist in the art of making money, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say, in accumulating money, and there is no question that certain past masters of the craft have developed their technique to a high degree of perfection; but it is doubtful if the common run of business men are any more efficient in their chosen line, than the members of any other profession or calling. A study of the Home Bank affair, of the achievements of Besco, and of many other institutions which have received some share of publicity, will indicate that the degree of human fallibility is at least as high in the financial world, as in any other sphere of endeavour. It is difficult to make comparisons with any exactness, on account of the almost universal acceptance of monetary standards of measurement. It is obviously impossible for the successful clergyman to accumulate as much money as the successful business man, because the business man is able to concentrate all his energies towards this end, whereas the clergyman is handicapped to the extent that some part of his effort must be expended in other directions; and so long as standards of success are expressed in terms of relative wealth, the success of the cleric can never equal that of the financier.

In writing of business the term must be understood as being used in the modern sense, as something distinct from industry. In the early days of industrial development, the functions of ownership, management, technique, and finance, were frequently undertaken by one individual. The small factory in which the owner was familiar with every detail of process from start to finish, and to whom finance was a detail entirely subsidiary to the production of merchandise, is largely a thing of the past, and the present tendency is towards increasing specialization. In the realm of big business to-day these operations have been departmentalized, and the function of each department is sharply defined; the technician deals with all problems of process and production; the manager controls the operation of the plant, while the financier or business man deals exclusively with monetary questions. Where this division of labour has reached an advanced stage the business man has no interest in production, except in so far as it is a factor in the

creation of profits. In his ideal state the business man neither creates nor produces, but through the medium of high finance he operates a toll-gate through which all commodities must pass from producer to consumer, and from this stream he diverts to his own use as much wealth as custom and the law will allow. It is not suggested that the business man performs no service of value to the community; in fact there are very few legal organizations which are of so parasitic a nature that they render no useful return, in exchange for the toll that they levy on humanity. On the other hand there is a large class of middlemen, promoters, and financial magicians of various descriptions who reap a harvest that is quite disproportionate to the social value of their efforts.

In attempting to gauge the relative value to society of varied forms of employment, there is a danger that one may employ standards or norms which are not generally recognized in business circles. In popular discussion, such terms as 'profiteer', 'fair profit' and 'reasonable return on investment' are frequently used, but these and similar phrases have no validity in the realms of business. Such whimsical phraseology would imply that there is a maximum standard, or datum line in the receipt of profits or compensation, to go beyond which would be regarded as discreditable and avaricious; but it is a truism in the field of finance that 'the sky is the roof' and that no percentage of profit can properly be considered as excessive. If success is to be measured in terms of money, it is obvious that the greater the ratio of interest on invested capital, the greater the degree of success. As the proportion of profit on any given article depends upon the spread between cost or purchase price, and selling price, salesmanship is the quality most esteemed by big business. Salesmanship is the method by which goods are disposed of for the largest possible sum in excess of their real worth, and this art is assessed by the trade as the most vital characteristic that an individual should possess in order to excel in the pursuit of gain. The importance of salesmanship will be appreciated, when it is understood that in many branches of business the cost of selling goods more than equals the cost of production. It is an amusing paradox that the less a customer requires an article, the more he is obliged to pay for it, because in this case it requires more salesmanship to dispose of the article, and a man must pay as much for being hypnotized into the belief that he requires the merchandise as he pays for the material and workmanship. Hence, one of the more obvious economies that might be effected by a co-operative system is the distribution of commodities at a fraction of the cost required in big business.



## GOVERNMENT BY FINANCE AND ITS REMEDY

BY MAJOR C. H. DOUGLAS

## II. THE REMEDY

YOU will, no doubt, wish to enquire what proposals can be made to remedy the state of affairs outlined in the preceding article. Let me say at once that, at any rate by itself, the nationalization of banks is no remedy. It is, in fact, very questionable whether the nationalization of anything is a remedy. Nationalization is an administrative change, and in most cases is an administrative change for the worse, because (at any rate in the forms in which we know it at present) it involves a highly centralized form of administration and separates authority from the facts of the situation with which authority ought properly to deal. But whatever views one may have about systems of administration, the essential point to recognize in regard to finance is the question of the *beneficial ownership* of public credit—whether public credit be administered under a de-centralized, or private, system of administration, or by a public authority. To put this matter in a more concrete form, the question at issue, fundamentally, is whether, when a banker creates and issues a loan, he should be repaid (which assumes that the loan belongs to him) or whether he should not be repaid (which assumes that credit is a public asset). That is the simple and fundamental issue of this controversy, and upon the answer which is given to it, in my opinion, the present civilization stands or falls.

This is obviously a startling conception. It can only be justified by realizing the intensely co-operative nature of all modern production and the preponderant importance of machinery, and the non-human energy utilized in connection with it. Modern production can most easily be visualized as an immense machine operated by a decreasing number of persons who merely 'tap the keys' which set it in motion. Theirs is, rightly considered and under proper conditions, an enviable job for which it is reasonable to expect the same sort of competition as we now get for places on, say, a football team. But it in no sense entitles them to have the whole product of the machine. By far the best way to look at this matter is to abandon all Old Testament conceptions of justice and equity and to realize that any attempt to enforce such a claim as that frequently made on behalf of labour, that the whole product of the machine belongs to the workers ('work' being used in the narrow sense of something that can be sold), and that those not working in this sense are 'parasites', simply involves a fierce,

increasingly fierce struggle for employment in a world in which the best brains are endeavouring to eliminate work.

But although the fundamental issue can be thus simply stated, the practical methods of carrying out changes based upon it are not so simple and obvious. A clue to them may be obtained by considering the analysis which I have outlined in the preceding article. The fundamental defect, as we have seen, in the present financial system is that it produces a disparity between available purchasing power and of collective prices for goods for sale, and the disparity may be eventually traced to the existence, in prices, of sums of money which were created by bank loans, and which have subsequently been cancelled without being cancelled in the prices of the goods. The remedy which is obviously suggested by a consideration of this situation, involves the cancellation of these credits in prices. One perfectly practical method by which this can be done is as follows.

Suppose that the large departmental stores were to agree, as they probably would, to restrict their nett profit on turnover (not, be it noted, on capital) to 10 per cent. Imagine them to issue with each sale to an individual customer an ordinary statement of sale, commonly called a bill; and imagine arrangements to be made with the banks that these bills, when turned over by the individual consumer to the bank, should be credited at 25 per cent. of their face value to the individual consumer's account to which they refer. Such an arrangement would amount in effect to a reduction of price to the consumer of 25 per cent., without any reduction in profit to either the producer or the retailer, and as the result of such an arrangement would be to increase effective demand, the turnover of both the retailer and the producer would increase accordingly, and consequently their profit would increase. So that you will see that neither the retailer, the manufacturer, nor the consumer would, under such an arrangement, have any complaint to make. You will, of course, enquire where the bank will receive the necessary funds with which to credit the individual consumer with 25 per cent. of his purchases. The answer to this is that at stated intervals of, say, one or three months the banks would present an account of such credits to the Treasury, which would in turn pay to the banks a Treasury Draft equalling the amount, so that the banks

would then be covered in the transaction. The justification for the issue of the Treasury Draft is found in the increased real credit of the community which accrues from the increased trade which is assured by the lowering of prices. I have, of course, used the figure of 25 per cent. for purposes of illustration; but I may say that in 1919 I conducted a somewhat elaborate investigation into this matter, and I arrived at the conclusion that the true discount to the consumer was very much nearer 90 per cent. than 25 per cent. to obtain the result which I have just been outlining. It was agreed at that time that the result was too startling to be let loose on a somewhat sceptical public. The immense trade depression, the enormous number of bankruptcies,

and the general depreciation in the real credit in the countries which have undergone forcible deflation between the year 1919 and the present, as a result of the financial policy imposed on these countries by the bankers, make it possible that a suitable discount to the consumer would now be represented by about 35 per cent. to 45 per cent. I have no doubt whatever that should some arrangement of this nature be put into operation, the real credit of the country would rise so rapidly that it would be possible to reduce the price to consumers of articles to a very small fraction of that existing at present, while at the same time enhancing the prosperity of all producers. [Copyright in Great Britain, Canada, and U.S.A. by C. H. Douglas.]

## PARTIES AND PLATFORMS

BY J. J. MORRISON

PERHAPS no greater problem faces society than that of establishing and maintaining a satisfactory system of government. Although multitudes accept in theory Lincoln's ideal of 'government of the people, by the people, and for the people', yet it is indisputably a fact that it still remains an ideal devoutly desired, but in no sense an established institution. That there is steadily growing distrust of the two main political parties in Canada is daily becoming more and more apparent, but there does not seem to be widespread realization of the fact that it is the weakness of the partisan system rather than the shortcomings of the two main political parties which is responsible for the meagre measure of 'government of the people, by the people, and for the people' which is at present in evidence.

It is undoubtedly a fact, as Mr. J. Francis White points out in his article in the April Forum that 'Many eager, constructive-minded people are out of tune with the unimaginative, indolent, and timid attitude of many of our present politicians, and feel the need for a more scientific and progressive party to which they could give their allegiance', but to my mind it is perfectly clear that the comparatively small degree of imagination, energy, and courage displayed by our present politicians is due chiefly to the system under which they operate rather than to any marked absence of these virtues from their personal make-up.

It is for this reason that I fail to see how the situation can be improved by the entrance into the political arena of a new political party embellished with a new name but modelled on the lines of the old partisan parties. The partisan political system more or less served its purpose all the time it was

possible to divide the electorate into two main divisions, letting the party with the greater number of adherents assume the reins of government while the opposing party accepted the rôle of critic.

But with three political parties in the field, it is obvious that the party with the greatest number of supporters may not always be assured of a clear majority over the two other parties, in which case democracy as expressed in Lincoln's definition is further removed from established fact instead of being brought nearer consummation.

Under these circumstances the problem of formulating a platform for a new political party, call it Progressive or what you will, is a hopeless task. The mere matter of drawing up a platform is in itself not a very difficult proposition; but to formulate a platform which would adequately serve the purpose a platform is intended to serve, and at the same time stand a reasonable chance of being crystallized in the form of legislation, is beyond the power of mortal mind. The first purpose a political platform is designed to serve is of course to secure the election of the party's nominees. If it cannot do this, it is worse than useless. Furthermore, if it is successful in securing the election of sufficient candidates to form a government and then fails to become crystallized in the form of legislation, then it is a snare and a delusion; and this, it must be admitted, is what most political platforms have turned out to be.

It is not generally recognized that a political party is not an organization in the generally accepted sense of the term. A political party is a machine. It has few of the elements of democracy about it. The leaders of a political party meet and

draw up a platform or a set of principles designed to attract the support of the greatest number of voters. When an election comes along, the individual voter is supposed to select which of the two platforms conforms more closely to his own ideas and vote accordingly. He may disagree with many of the principles of both parties, but he chooses the lesser of two evils and votes for the party which exhibits the least number of principles which he finds objectionable.

After his party has assumed office, the individual elector has no shadow of influence over the actions of his party. In most cases the platform or set of principles, on the strength of which his party secured his support, is conveniently forgotten by the government at the first opportunity.

How can the situation be improved by bringing into being further political parties unless it is possible to have sufficient parties so that the individual voter may choose a party to which he can give undivided support instead of being forced to support one of two parties neither of which offers a set of principles to which he can wholly and loyally subscribe?

A multiplicity of parties modelled on the lines of the old partisan parties simply complicates the political system without in the least eliminating party strife, intrigue, patronage, compromise, graft, deceit, and corruption which have for so long marked the trail of the partisan system of government, masquerading under the banner of democracy, and which are chiefly responsible for the unimaginative, indolent, and timid attitude which Mr. White in his article deplores in our present politicians.

The editorial preamble to Mr. White's article indicates very clearly the impossibility of formulating a platform which will appeal to people of varied interests. While it would appear that the Editorial Committee of THE CANADIAN FORUM, consisting of eighteen people of presumably more

than average ability and intellect, is able to edit and publish a very admirable little journal by exercising a spirit of co-operation, yet it has to confess its total inability to draw up a political platform to which all its members could subscribe. At the same time the Committee expresses its willingness to unite in support of any party that would introduce a fresher and more honest spirit into the discussion of our national problems even although the individual members may not agree on individual planks in the party platform. In other words, members of the committee would be willing to sacrifice some of their principles in order to support a certain political party.

It is this feature which is probably at the root of most of the evils of the partisan system. For example, a voter supports 4.4 beer because his party introduces it, although his own personal convictions are entirely opposed to it. Until we can overcome this insidious necessity, it is waste of time to form new parties and attempt to formulate new platforms.

I see no great objection to a multiplicity of groups or parties provided they are formed along clear-cut lines whereby the individual voter would not find it necessary to sacrifice principle in order to support his particular party; and provided also that other electoral reforms such as proportional representation, the transferable vote, and the formation of the government by giving each group or party representation in the government in proportion to its numerical strength accompany the increase in the number of groups. To my mind, the most reasonable line of division between political groups is economic or occupational interest. With the electorate divided on this basis, and the government formed on a co-operative plan, every public question could be decided strictly on its merits without there being any necessity for the individual voter to support any group which includes in its platform principles which he cannot honestly endorse.

## TRANSPLANTING A PEOPLE

BY E. L. CHICANOT

THE British Isles consist of innumerable territorial divisions which differ in the type and character of their population. Frequently a county line, having regard to subtle differences in the nature of the people, forms as absolute a boundary as an international border. Perhaps no section of the population of Great Britain is more definitely set apart from the great bulk of the inhabitants than the dwellers on a group of small,

rugged islands off the west coast of Scotland known as the Hebrides.

These islands number some five hundred, but only about one-fifth are inhabited. Potatoes and turnips are the only crops that will grow successfully, though barley and oats are produced on some of the islands. Sheep-farming and cattle-raising are carried on generally, and these, with the fisheries, provide the small farmers or crofters with



what is at all times a precarious livelihood. Some are occupied in the manufacture of woollens and tartans. The physique and endurance of the islanders speak of generations of arduous toil and simple living.

The Hebrideans made a fine record in the War. Then came a period of deep depression. After an investigation of conditions of the islands, James Stewart, late Under-Secretary for Health for Scotland, said: 'Russia has been described as a huge slum; but if you go to the Hebrides you will find thousands of homes not equalled for squalor anywhere. There are habitations in the Hebrides without windows or chimneys and in which human beings and cattle are living under the same roof.'

A Canadian priest, Father R. A. McDonnell, himself a Hebridean, interested Bishop Fallon of London, Ontario, in his country-people. Through his aid, a large farm was purchased at Chatham as a clearing centre for young Hebridean immigrants who needed a training before being placed on Canadian farms. The first party to immigrate under the scheme was composed of thirteen young men. All were under thirty, not one under the six-foot mark and proportionately built. All were veterans of the War, and several wore decorations they had won in the service. The movement immediately drew the attention of the Canadian Pacific Railway. After investigating conditions in the Hebrides and satisfying itself of the genuine distress and the advisability, from all points of view, of moving the people, it invited the Hebridean authorities to send out a delegation to Canada to investigate conditions here with a view to encouraging the migration of larger numbers of the people. In the summer of 1922 the company went the length of taking its large Atlantic vessels out of their course and putting them in at the little island wharves to take aboard forty families.

In Western Canada, the first Hebridean settlement was only accomplished successfully after overcoming many preliminary difficulties. Naturally clannish and shy among strangers these families hoped to settle together and live a community life. This was found to be impracticable, and eventually a compromise was effected by dividing the families into two groups, and settling them near the cities of Calgary and Edmonton. The households were not on adjacent land, but sufficiently close to one another to be within touch and enjoy most of the social amenities of community existence. The actual settlement was accomplished by the Soldier Settlement Board which sold them the farms on terms extending over twenty years.

There was naturally some question as to the

success of these settlers, transplanted as they were from small island homes to the broad prairie, and from the cultivation of small patches of land with antiquated implements to large areas necessitating the use of modern machinery. Their natural intelligence and assiduity came to their aid, and in a few weeks these crofters were using four-horse teams and modern equipment as if they had been accustomed to them all their lives. The yield of grain in Alberta in the following year constituted a record; and the Hebrideans for the most part shared in the general prosperity. They were so satisfied and so pleased with their prospects that they urged friends and relatives in Scotland to follow their example.

The Canadian Pacific Railway, co-operating with Father McDonnell, continued to put its vessels in at the Hebrides during 1923 and took further steps for the satisfactory settlement of these people. An Indian farm was purchased at Red Deer, to be used as a central depot for arrivals and from which they might be distributed. Here, throughout the summer, some 800 Hebridean settlers arrived, and were either aided in the purchase of farms through the agency of the Soldier Settlement Board, or found employment on existing farms.

Meanwhile Hebridean settlers were still arriving in Ontario where the movement had been originated through the initiative of Father McDonnell and Bishop Fallon. Parties of young men periodically arrived at the Chatham farm, received their training, and were placed in employment. Then the Ontario Government, seeing the numbers of these desirable settlers passing by its vacant land bound for the West, bestirred itself and sent its agents to interest Hebrideans in the northern part of the province. For some time past, parties gathered by these agents have been coming to Ontario under government auspices and settling in colonies in the great Clay Belt.

Out of the unqualified success of the first settlers in the West, developed a determination to further the movement. The Scottish Immigration Aid Society was founded, with Father McDonnell as its managing director. Its prime object is to found a large Hebridean colony in Alberta; also to assist in paying passages, housing settlers, and nursing them along after they have taken up farming operations.

Four directors of the society contributed \$16,000; and this was supplemented by contributions from others interested in Canadian colonization and the settlement of Hebridean crofters. A greater amount is made available through taking advantage of the Oversea Settlement Act of the



Imperial Government. With these funds cottages are being built on land west of Red Deer in Alberta. The society secures a twenty years' lease on the land and erects thereon a cottage for the prospective settler who has been a crofter, farmer, or farm labourer. The settler gets a lease on the cottage and plot for one year, renewable for a second year, and under exceptional circumstances for a third. These cottages are intended merely as temporary homes for the settlers whilst they are learning the ways of the country and the farming methods of Western Canada. From there they graduate to farms of their own, sold under peculiarly advantageous conditions. Hebridean crofters and their families, arriving from northern island homes, instead of having to undergo the customary hardships of pioneering find a home already provisioned awaiting each of them. More than one thousand Hebridean settlers were conducted by Father McDonnell to Western Canada in the summer of 1924.

British Columbia in its turn has recently concluded arrangements for a settlement scheme which seems admirable. Off the Pacific coast of the province are hundreds of little islands. It is the Government's plan to settle Hebrideans on these, where except for the greater fertility of the soil and the mildness of the climate, they will scarcely realize that they have left their northern homes, and can follow their traditional pursuits of farming and fishing. Near Port Alberni, on Vancouver Island, settlers are already purchasing under easy terms land which has reverted to

the municipality for the non-payment of taxes.

Though some thousands of Hebridean settlers have been settled in Canada since the first small party arrived in 1922, the movement has but begun, and the Canadian and Scottish authorities are working together for a wholesale exodus. The last party of several hundred Hebrideans to arrive in Canada in the season of 1924 was accompanied by a delegation headed by the Very Rev. Canon MacDougall, Dean of the Outer Hebrides. The delegation proceeded to make a Dominion-wide survey with a view to settling Hebridean colonies in the Maritime and other sections. It was entirely satisfied and returned confident that in Canada lay the new hope of its people. Sir Robert Greig, chairman of the Scottish Board of Agriculture, who made a close investigation into Hebridean settlement in Canada during the summer of 1924, has stated that Scotland could spare three-quarters of the Hebridean population to Canada for the common good.

The end of long centuries of hardship, privation, and ill-requited toil seems to be in sight for this tragic people. The tribulations of the War and its aftermath exceeded human endurance, and after long adherence to the wild homes of their ancestors the unequal struggle has proved too much for them. They look to Canada and the new world to produce happier and more prosperous generations of Hebrideans. Once the movement is really under way it is scarcely possible it will subside until the islands are virtually deserted; for such is the clanish character of these people.

## MUSIC IN OUR UNIVERSITIES

### A PLEA FOR AN INNOVATION

BY LEO SMITH

**M**ANY people are aware that a campaign is being made to secure, if possible, a wider recognition of the value of musical attainments. This has arisen, in the main, from one circumstance—that high-school and matriculation studies permit of no time for musical studies, and, therefore, that the value of any musical training acquired before a matriculation course is entered upon is much lessened at a time when it is beginning to be productive of tangible results. This is merely tantamount to repeating a well-observed fact; that in Canada many thousands of children include music in their education until the demands of the school invade the necessary time for practice.

At the moment of writing, the formal petition asking for recognition of music as an 'option' in

matriculation has yet to be presented; but definite action only awaits some necessary propaganda, which is now in the course of development, the sponsors for the movement being certain corporate bodies like the Women Music-Teachers' Association, together with some educationalists, notably Major Bramfitt who, in a paper read some little time ago, gave valuable information as to the policies followed by the universities of the United States. The details—the standard or kind of musical ability, or the methods of measuring or testing it—are matters for mutual agreement. Of these I would rather not speak. But two points which I think are relevant to the issue are: (1) what English and Canadian universities do already in the matter of music; and (2) the very beneficial influence that universities, men of letters, leaders

of thought, etc., exercise on musical matters when they regard the art as a matter of importance, as a factor which adds materially to the finest of our pleasures.

The peculiar status of music in our universities (I refer in particular to the Universities of England and Toronto) is always somewhat puzzling to Europeans. The giving of musical degrees—an old practice dating back, in the case of Oxford and Cambridge, to the 15th century—is a procedure which French and German thought is unfamiliar with. In Germany it has been the custom to grant a doctorate of philosophy for valuable research in the theory or history of music; in the Sorbonne a similar practice was brought into effect in 1893. But the study of such things as harmony, counterpoint, fugue, etc. (i.e., the curriculum for degrees in our universities) is, from the European point of view, peculiar, since it is considered that such subjects more properly belong to the conservatory. The English conception, however, is something like this: that the study of music should be divided into two parts—the practical and the intellectual. The 'practical' is that which concerns the acquiring of technical proficiency either in the art of singing or in the art of instrumental work. This, it is considered, is the special mission of the musical college to impart. It is essentially practical because it has a commercial valuation; the possessor, in the majority of cases, having acquired that which will enable him to earn a livelihood. The intellectual part, however—and this, it is considered, is the domain of the university—has little or no commercial value, at least if taken by itself. Its value has been defined as 'cultural,' since it ensures that those taking its course have purposely avoided the somewhat one-sided aspect of the other part. In short, they have avoided the danger of over-specialization—of specializing at the expense of general education. But further than that it would be difficult to assign to it any very special value. It can be argued, of course, that the subjects it embraces—harmony, counterpoint and the like—belong to the technique of the composer. But no university can assure the creating of composers or a school of composition, since composing demands the great unteachable element—that of inspiration.

Now it is relevant, I think, to point out that the trend of English thought has, of late years, fastened itself still more closely on this point of view of music. That it attaches more importance to the co-ordination of musical studies with other studies is proved by the policies of the various universities. In some cases, a lower standard of matriculation permitted to the music element has been raised to that demanded from the other

faculties. In others, the passing of a subject in the Intermediate Arts examination has been made a compulsory requirement. In Cambridge, a reform demanding nine terms in residence, as enforced from the students of other faculties, was passed in 1893; in Oxford, a proposal debated in 1898 would have admitted only graduates in Arts to the musical degree; but this, it was felt, was too drastic, and was only recently carried into effect in a much modified form. The point of all this, however, is that since the musical teaching of a university leans towards the intellectual it could properly belong to an arts degree (this, in fact, has already been suggested by the Vice-Chancellor of Sheffield University), and, if this is so, it could likewise belong to matriculation. And it would not be difficult, were this principle admitted, to arrange that, in the case of matriculation, musical requirements could be made to cover an admixture of both the practical and the intellectual. Such a proposition would work beneficially in both ways. For students who possess ability in music it would offer a recompense, some tangible return for time and money spent in the acquiring of this knowledge. But it would also induce people who are fitting themselves for a concert profession, or for the teaching of music, to take matriculation, and in this way benefit themselves somewhat by securing a broader mental outlook than that which the performer's training usually demands.

It is now, I think, sufficiently understood that music flourishes and prospers in direct ratio to the musical interests of the nation's most prominent men. In olden days, a musical pope, cardinal, prince, patron, or court provided a pillar for musical endeavour. In the same way there is a relation between success in music and the degree of musical interest evinced by the leaders of thought—the poets, men of letters, writers, and universities of the day. It is Sir W. H. Hadow who has pointed out that the golden ages of English music coincided with the works and thought of such writers as Chaucer, Marlowe, Shakespeare, and perhaps Dryden, all of whom were musical, possessed of a certain musical knowledge, and were disposed to place music in a position of the highest regard. But the Dark Ages of music were coincident with the influences of Swift, Pope, Addison, and Steele. It was Addison who wrote, 'Music renders us incapable of hearing sense'; it was Swift who, when asked to plead for a musician, replied, 'He is a fiddler, and therefore a rascal'. The same writer, in his *Journal to Stella*, speaking of a music meeting, says, 'in half an hour I was tired of their fine stuff'. Elsewhere he speaks of 'a singer, another drab and a parcel of fiddlers'—remarks which elicited a

response from a contemporary to the effect that possibly the musicians found the Dean's sermons equally dull; also a rather clever witticism—that the Dean thrived on puns and politics, and the musicians on puns and porter.

It is curious and, I think, interesting to note corresponding parallels in other countries. Romain Rolland has pointed out that a very barren period in French music, of the last century, coincided with the literary régime of Balzac, who hated music, of Hugo who disliked it, of Dumas of whom it was humorously said 'he detested even bad music', of Gautier who said he preferred silence to music, of Lamartine who held it a horror, and so on. And both these ideas could be expanded by a comparison with more recent times. A great and recent revival of French music coincided with the influence of Mallarmé, who wrote '*De la Musique avant toute chose*'. Mallarmé, beloved of writers of songs of to-day, gathered in his circle poets, musicians, and critics, and treated the musicians with the respect shown to the others. In England, too, the renaissance of music which came gradually into existence in the latter years of the Victorian era was reflected by the works of Browning, who stands beside Milton in his musical imagery and musical insight.

The relation of university interest in music to good and poor periods of musical activity is likewise in direct ratio. In the bad periods one discerns an absence of this interest. One little story illustrates this. When, at Christ Church, Oxford, about the year 1840, an undergraduate (afterwards Sir Frederick Ouseley) asked the Dean of his college to grant permission for a concert in Hall—this to be part of the Tercentenary Celebrations of the Foundation—he received this reply: 'It couldn't be allowed, since there was no precedent for such a thing.' Another story of a slightly later date recounts the fortunes of an undergraduate who had the temerity to essay a pianoforte solo in Hall. He was hissed—not that he played badly, but because he played at all. Since then, however, there has been a change. According to Mr. Edward Dent, the musical renaissance of England was essentially an Oxford and Cambridge movement. It included 'the recognition by academic authority of music as equal in rank with other studies; it demanded a more literary and cultivated attitude of the musician towards his art'; above all, it became productive—the organizing of musical societies for the purpose of making known the forgotten literature and hidden glories of the past being a very essential part of its activities.

In almost all things, I suppose, Canada feels the keen competition from the United States. In

music, we import a great deal and export very little. Recognizing the great value of university recognition of music, some fifty per cent. of the university colleges and universities in the States have granted it a place in their Entrance Examinations. It seems to me we must do likewise if we are to develop music along national lines, and if, to quote Sir W. H. Hadow once more, we desire the inviting of foreign artists to become 'an international courtesy rather than a necessity'.

## POEMS

BY ROBERT FINCH

### THE QUAIN NEED

There is no need to write for you,  
You need no silly singing;  
You have no taste for gifts, so who  
Would ever think of bringing  
To you a little fist of buds  
With verses hidden under?  
Your quaint need is for floods and floods  
Of silent stupid wonder.

### A CHILD'S SONG

A water-lily is a star  
Fallen where the fishes are:  
By day they chat about its stem,  
At night it is a lamp for them,  
And would it not be sad if some  
Poor little fish came wandering home  
And could not see his lily shine?—  
I do not wish one lily mine!

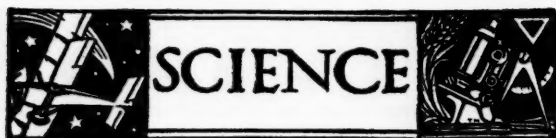
### GOOD FRIDAY

Tree that bore such bitter fruit  
Not of thine own growing,  
Didst thou feel the sudden sap  
Fresh within thee flowing,

Flowing, dumbly to beseech—  
For such service given  
By the vicar of all woods—  
'Trees may enter heaven?'







## THE COLOUR PROBLEM\*

THE colour problem is the greatest obstacle in the path of the internationalist, whose prejudices will generally allow intermarriage amongst peoples of widely different national ideals, but will immediately balk at mixtures of white and coloured races. And yet it is only a matter of degree. The thorough-going rationalist like Mr. H. G. Wells sees this, and would advocate miscegenation of the races of the world to overcome one of its greatest evils—race prejudice. It may be that in the far future mankind will be homogeneous in colour, but whether or not racial mixtures should at present be fostered is a different question. In the first place the purely rational solution—assuming that Mr. Wells has the rational solution—is in the near future impracticable; for rationalism does not play any significant part in present-day politics, and sentiment is still the stronger force in the citizen's life.

Professor Gregory's contribution to the subject is one of great value, not only from the astounding number of facts which he has brought to bear upon the problem, but also from the spirit in which it has been treated. The author has unique qualifications for his task. As professor of geology in the University of Glasgow he has travelled very completely over the world, and come in close contact with coloured labour in South Africa, Australia, and America. He is well known to many Canadians. As recently as last summer he took the colour problem as the subject of his presidential address to the geography section of the British Association in Toronto.

The book has more merits than a reader might expect in a popular work of science. There are some twelve pages of bibliography and a good subject-and-author index. The keynote of the situation is frequently conveyed to the reader by some appropriate stanza. Thus the old attitude of the Negro in North America:

Long had I grieved at what I deemed abuse;  
But now I am as grain within the mill.  
If so be thou must crush me for thy use,  
Grind on, O potent God, and do thy will.

is contrasted with his new:

\**The Menace of Colour*, by J. W. Gregory (Seeley, Service; 12/6).

Like men we'll face the murderous, cowardly pack,  
Pressed to the wall, dying, but—fighting back!

The menace of Asia—'the most prolific of the continents in men and ideals', the mother of 'all the chief religions, Hinduism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Christianity and Islam', is well conveyed by Kipling's verse:

You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din!  
Though I've belted you and flayed you,  
By the livin' Gawd that made you,  
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din.

And the surprise and pleasure to find Turner's poem at the beginning of the chapter on South America:

When I was but thirteen or so  
I went into a golden land,  
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi  
Took me by the hand.

The colour problem is essentially a modern one and primarily geographical. It has been only since the development of navigation and land transport that the white race has obtained political control of America, Australia, the greater part of Africa, and all Asia outside of China and Japan. The position at present is that one-third of the inhabitants of the world rule eight-ninths of it, or the coloured people who constitute two-thirds of the population rule only one-ninth of it. This probably marks the peak of white supremacy, for all tendencies would now appear to be working towards an extension of coloured influence. Thus the number of coloured people is increasing out of proportion to the increase in whites, the coloured people are beginning to discern the principles on which the white man's success has rested, education has levelled up races of all colours, and race sentiment is growing in regions where internal strife has been allayed largely by the white man's rule. As a result, the white man's prestige has greatly declined, and signs of what may be a general landslide have recently appeared in Egypt, Afghanistan, and India.

It so happens that at present the coloured races occupy mainly the tropical regions of the globe and the white the temperate zones. Our author has very fully examined the widely accepted belief that a tropical climate is unhealthy for the white man, but has been unable to find any evidence in its favour. The ill repute of many tropical climates has arisen through the greater danger of disease due to defective sanitation. The white man now knows how to cope with the tropics, and they will as surely live down their bad reputation as, say, the Ostend coast, which even in Napoleon's time had a deadly 'climate'. The white man is thus in



no way disqualified as an inhabitant of the tropics, and, what is probably equally true, the coloured races would flourish in temperate regions once they had learned the methods of making a livelihood. Thus climate gives no help to the solution of the problem.

The advantages of a pigmented skin in tropical climates are somewhat difficult to establish. It would not appear that pigment is any protection against heat, as a black surface absorbs more heat than a white one, and physiologists are of opinion that a white man resists heat better than a coloured person. Of course, pigment is a protection against the photochemical constituents of sunlight, and sunburn or swarthinness in whites is an accommodation to this end. Clothes, however, are now so much a part of man's biological equipment that any extra protection the negro may have in his skin is negligible.

Miscegenation and segregation have been regarded as the only alternatives to the colour problem. Aside from moral and ethical considerations the question arises, Is miscegenation biologically safe? There was no doubt in the mind of Herbert Spencer when consulted by Japanese authorities regarding the intermarriage of Japanese and foreigners:

It should be positively forbidden. It is not at root a question of social philosophy. It is at root a question of biology. There is abundant proof, alike furnished by the intermarriage of human races and by the interbreeding of animals, that when the varieties mingled diverge beyond a certain slight degree the result is invariably a bad one in the long run.

Nevertheless there are still two schools of opinion, and Professor Gregory has considered the evidence from each side. Opinion on the subject has largely drifted back to Spencer's view that the offspring of widely divergent types is inferior to both parents, while the offspring of nearly related peoples carry the best characters of each parent. Thus the marriage of the white and American Indian appears to produce an inferior type, and a valuable Norwegian study has shown that intercrossing between the Lapp and Scandinavian gives a hybrid often mentally and physically unsound and more subject to tuberculosis. The American negro-white mulatto is stated by many to be inferior to the negro, but there is too much prejudice around the American situation to draw trustworthy conclusions.

If the white-coloured hybrid is inferior to both parents (and the bulk of the evidence favours this view) then we have perhaps the strongest argument against race amalgamation that can be brought forward. Bitter as race prejudice may be at present,

it might almost die out in the course of a few generations in a country which allowed, let alone fostered, miscegenation. For social sanction is all a matter of numbers, as long as nations are guided by democratic and Christian ideals. The white missionary, it seems, has brought his race face to face with the menace of extinction and, if the governments of white peoples have any justifiable function, that function is to prevent race-deterioration by miscegenation with coloured races. But the world is really awaiting the outcome of the American experiment. The number of people of mixed blood in the United States is growing, there is an exodus of the southern negroes into the northern states, and the 'melting pot' is thus being stirred up, to the great fear of many American thinkers. It would be no surprise if the United States Government in the near future did actually attack the problem and start negotiations for the exportation of the negroes. For the United States can enact legislation of this type which a European government might not have the courage to tackle. PESTLE.

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## THE COWARD

BY J. ANSEL ANDERSON

**M**IKE, you lazy, low-down son of a wall-eyed cayuse! Get up in your place and stay up, blast you!

The ends of the lines flirled out and caught the unsuspecting horse on the rump with a sharp crack. He plunged ahead, and the whole team quickened its pace.

'Of all the aggravating jobs', muttered the man, 'this business of driving a twelve-horse outfit on a hot day takes the ribbon by a good neck.'

He glanced up at the sun and guessed the time—four o'clock—twice more up and down the mile-long furrow before he could think of quitting for the night. The twelve horses plodded steadily along, six abreast in the lead and six on the pole. Twelve heads bobbed up and down in front, and behind the big four-bottom plow ripped through the baked sod. The smell of sweat and dust was everywhere. A wheel squeaked for oil, trace chains jingled, the iron whippetrees rattled and banged, and, underneath, the steady drumming of twelve sets of hoofs added body to the sound. Presently Mike, the big bay off-wheeler, dropped back again. With a curse Jack pulled up the team and got down to shorten up the laggard's traces. He had been mad when he came out from dinner, and three hours of sitting up there on the high hitch-cart, in the heat, nagging at his team or staring ahead up the long furrow through the cloud of dust that hung above the horses' heads, had not improved his temper. An irritable driver makes a ragged team, and a ragged team a still more irritable driver.

He climbed back to his seat, started the team with a whistle, and lit his pipe on the move. Half an hour later he was back at the same old thought. Suppose he wouldn't ride a bucking horse! Well, what of it? Lots of men wouldn't. Just because they were good riders they had no right to chaff him, and showing him up at the dinner table in front of the women was the last straw. The thought rankled in his mind. He wasn't a coward; he wasn't afraid of—. Now, was he? Perhaps he was scared. Perhaps he was really a coward. The thought fascinated him. He tried to put it out of his mind, shouted to his horses, and lit his pipe, but it came creeping back, and with it a host of old memories. Perhaps he was scared. How about that business down East? It was almost five years since that had happened; since he had shaken the dust of the Eastern city from his feet, left civilization, education, and position behind him, and fled West. It all came back to him again as he sat there on the high seat with the lines dangling listlessly from his hands. He cursed himself for a fool;

cursed the girl who had lost control of the car on the hill; cursed the kindly providence which had saved his life when he jumped and hurtled the girl to her death. But, most of all, he cursed the friends and parents who had branded him 'coward' and made his life in the old home-town unbearable. What did they know of it anyway? What else could he do but jump? It was only luck that had saved his life. Why hadn't he tried to save her? How could he? Couldn't she jump as well as he? To hell with their civilization! He had left it for good and come West to work on the farms.

Coward, coward, coward—now it was cropping up again. Perhaps he was scared, but bucking was cruel sport anyway. Perhaps he was scared; another man might have grabbed the girl and thrown her out—yes, another man would hardly have left his future wife hurtling to her death. Poor Nina—had he really loved her? He would hardly have jumped if he had. Why, he thought more of Iseult than he had ever thought of Nina, and Iseult was only a horse. His attention came back to the team.

'Hike, you pie-biters! Noble, May—slacking there—cut it out. High, you bull-headed bronc, steady up. Easy there, Iseult.'

Stars, but she was some little mare! Just been broken a month and working up there in the lead like a fool, a good head in front of the rest. That was the way to train 'em. That was the kind of a leader that made a fast outfit. He'd have to watch her or she'd strain herself. What wonderful animals horses were. Such willing workers, always on the job, never grumbling; they'd give most men pointers. For some time he watched Iseult, glorying in the rippling muscles of her thighs, the swing of her shoulders and her arched neck. Wonderful little mare, he thought, take the bit all day, no slack lines for her—it was a pleasure to drive horses like that. He remembered breaking her—what a fight she had put up—great little mare, intelligent as a man and twice as friendly.

The outfit reached the end of the narrow land. Jack always took a pride in making these figure-of-eight turns, no easy matter with a large team. He yanked on the rope of the power lift, and the plows came out at the exact moment. He gathered up the lines, pulled slightly to the right, and with a shout to the off-side leaders, brought the whole team round in a narrow circle. The big grey on the off-side broke into a trot, the middle horses edged round, with ears laid back, and Iseult danced impatiently, the pivot of the whole team. Jack let the lines run through his fingers, and the outfit surged ahead. Another jerk and the plow was back



## ROCKS AND HILLS

BY THOREAU MACDONALD

in the ground. He pulled up to rest the horses and climbed down.

It had been a hot, close afternoon, but now the wind was picking up. He strolled round to Iseult and sheltering beside her lit his pipe. The little mare rubbed her nose against his shoulder, snuffed at the smoke, and turned back with ears pricked forward to watch a bunch of horses taking a playful gallop in a pasture two miles east.

Jack climbed back to his seat and gathered up the lines. Without waiting for the word the team started. They knew as well as he did that another mile would make it quitting time. The wind was rising steadily, blowing the dust away in front close to the ground. Jack rolled down his sleeves, leaned back in his seat, and puffed contentedly at his pipe. This was the time of day he liked best. There was some satisfaction in a big day's work well done. This job of driving a big team got hold of a man; something in the control of immense power which thrilled a fellow. He was startled out of his reverie by a wrench on the lines. The big grey had taken a jump. Nervous, scary kind of a horse, he thought, too high-strung for safety in a big outfit, but a great leader. Funny how panic would spread through a team if one horse got scared—herd instinct—by advantage when things went smoothly, but when things went wrong—the big grey lunged forward again.

'Easy there, High! Steady, old man!' A sudden gust of wind lifted the words away over the horses' heads. Jack looked round and swore. Away in the west the sky was turning grey, little spurts of dust leapt from the tops of the distant hills.

'Going to have a dust storm', he told himself philosophically. 'Here's hoping it isn't a bad one.'

The horses seemed to sense the storm and quickened their pace almost to a trot. Jack tightened up the lines and held them down. He glanced back; no doubt about the storm, he could see the low-lying cloud of dust just topping the hills on the horizon. Take about ten minutes to come up at the rate the wind was blowing, he judged. Coolly, he surveyed his position and calculated his chances. No good trying to unhook now; the horses were far too excited. Darn that rattle-headed grey, he'd yank the arms out of a man.

'Steady, then, babes! Easy now, easy!'

Nothing like talking to a horse in a pinch, gave 'em confidence. If he could only get across the road and let the plow into the mile of summer fallow leading south to the house, he might be able to hold them. Lucky there were no fences around this half-section, and the gate into the yard would be open. He looked back again; the black wall of dust towered almost on top of him. He yanked out the plow, and as the outfit ran up on the horses' heels over

the hard road, the storm caught them. They broke into a trot, crossed the road, and were on the run before he could get the plow back in. The wind roared in his ears, and the whole landscape was blotted out by driving dust. He scrambled to his feet and leaned back on the lines, but nothing could stop that wild stampede. He could see the plunging horses through the dust; the two greys bounding along in huge leaps; Iseult running like a hare. Boys, but she could travel! The whippetrees banged and clattered above the roars of the storm. The high platform rocked and pitched. Heaven help the horse that went down. Should he jump? What if he fell beneath that bounding plow? Better jump while the jumping's good! Not he—have to be there if they smashed into a fence. A wheel horse went down, dragged a few yards, and made its feet again. Jack screamed out a curse. Through a break in the dust he caught a glimpse of the house a couple of hundred yards ahead. The horses had swung round in a huge half circle and were making straight for the gate. They'd never get through; it was only just wide enough for six abreast, not a foot to spare. Better jump—no, stay with it. He leaned back on the lines, pulling with all his might, feet braced wide, swinging to the bucking platform.

It was over in a second. A huge post sprang out of the dust, a black horse reared high in an attempt to jump the wire. Came a crackling of splintering cedar posts, the whine of a tight wire breaking, and high above the storm the agonized scream of a terrified horse. Two of the head team were down and dragging. The struggling mass surged on a few yards and subsided, the rear six piling up on the leaders. The poles broke with a crack like a double-barrelled gun. For an instant Jack balanced above twelve struggling horses, then he jumped clear.

A moment he hesitated, and he was in the midst of it. God, what a mess! If he could only get them out of it before some horse was smothered or broke a leg! In amongst the threshing heels of the leaders he worked like a fiend, choked by the dust, wrenching out and unhooking traces. The off leader was up with his halter broken, rearing in the tangled wires, held back by his traces. Scrambling over heads and flanks Jack was at him and had him loose. Back he went, tugging, wrenching, soothing, cursing; now holding a horse down with knee on head, now kicking one to its feet. Gee, how they groaned!

'Steady, then, babe! Whoa then, so then!'

Four of the lead horses were free; two of them fighting in a mass of tangled lines. Let them fight, they'd break free!

'Get off that head, ye devil!'

With both hands on a halter he heaved at a



horse's head. Biting son of a gun, couldn't he see he was trying to help him. Lord what a mess, and Iseult under it all. The halter broke, he reeled back, a frightened horse struck him in the back with its fore foot in a frenzied effort to rise. Blast their hides. Easy now, babes—he must keep cool. Better undo the wheeler's traces. His head swam from the kick, but he plunged in amongst their heels once more. Iseult heaving like a bellows—

'Who in hell invented these whippetrees anyway, curse 'em! Here you kicking, cut it out!'

All but four of them up and the worst to come.

'Get up, Mable, get up.'

Kick the brute—kick, kick—with a heave she reached her feet still fastened to the neck-yoke.

'At a babe! Pull back, you old rascal!' She did, and yanked the horse on the other end of the neck yoke out of the mess. Two left and in bad shape. Ted all in and lying on Iseult. Dragging at the halter he pulled over his head; hanging onto the tail he braced his foot against the broken pole and heaved over his rump. Just his luck to get Iseult under it all. The big horse would come round, but Iseult lay groaning with head and neck stretched out, and one hind leg bent under her. He pulled it out with a yank.

'Broken, by all the seven devils!—the best little horse in the bunch!'

He dropped to his knees beside the brown colt's head. The big eyes looked up at him imploringly. The reaction set in. Ten minutes of high tension, of working like a fiend, unmindful of kicks and falls, had sapped his strength. He buried his face in his hands. Iseult as good as dead—the best little horse in the bunch.

He got slowly to his feet. The storm had passed. The rolling level prairie looked grey and dreary. He turned and went up towards the house to get a gun. The boss met him in the yard.

'Did you break much?' he asked.

'Not much, some harness, I guess, but Iseult's broken her leg.'

'Too bad', said the boss, 'but I'd just as soon it were her. Wild, useless little cayuse. Plenty better'n her on the range.'

'Useless', muttered Jack. 'Iseult useless. She's dead.' He turned towards the house.

'Here, the gun's in the shed.'

Jack got the rifle and came back. He raised it to his shoulder and sighted on the colt's white star, hesitated a moment, and dropped the butt to the ground.

'Here you are, boss,' he muttered.

The farmer took the gun without a word and stood watching his hired man. The ragged, hatless figure slouched on towards the barn. One arm

showed white where his sleeve had been ripped from collar to cuff. Something in his dogged walk and the set of his curved shoulders spoke of utter dejection to one who knew Jack's usual briskness.

'Well, I'll be damned!' the farmer burst out. 'You can't never tell these honest-to-God horsemen. Might have been his best girl the way he takes on. Gol-ding it, he doesn't even own the horse.'



### A NEW LIFE OF KEATS

JOHN KEATS, by Amy Lowell (Houghton Mifflin; 2 vols., pp. xx, 631, viii, 662; \$12.50).

HERE is a life of Keats, two stout volumes, 1,200 pages, rather more than 430,000 words. Following hard upon Sir Sidney Colvin's, it has, as Miss Lowell recognizes, to justify itself. Justification she finds, first, in the existence in the United States of a great mass of Keatsiana, hitherto unpublished and unused; second, in her conviction that 'many as are the books on Keats, their authors have belonged . . . to the nineteenth century, in attitude if not in fact. But a new generation of poets and critics now holds the stage. . . .' Both reasons are challenging—the first because it may well be inquired whether this new material, in so far as it is actually relevant, might not rather have been collected and published as a source-book, and in far less compass; the second, because the 'New Poetry', of which Miss Lowell was arch-exponent, does here and most portentously declare its right to sit in judgment on the Old.

What of the new material? There are a number of books from Keats's library, passages in which he annotated or underscored. The relevant parts are printed in a series of appendices, with enough of the context in each case to make the marked passage intelligible. Of these by far the most interesting is the Spenser. Keats was sixteen when, after hearing Clarke read the *Epithalamium*, he took the first volume of the *Faery Queen* back to Edmonton and went through it (said Clarke) 'as a young horse would through a spring meadow—ramping'. It loosened the floodgates of his own poetry. In these thirty pages of underscored Spenser we have the author of *Endymion* and *La Belle Dame sans Merci* and the *Eve of St. Agnes* in his workshop.

Of material throwing new light on Keats's life, Miss Lowell had access to an important collection of manuscripts brought together by Woodhouse and now in the Pierpont Morgan library; to two unpublished and apparently heretofore unused memoirs, one of

Charles Brown by his son, C. A. Brown, and one of Keats, taken down by his publisher, Taylor, from conversations with Keats's sometime guardian, Richard Abbey; and also to an astonishing number of letters from the pen of Keats himself or of members of his circle—letters heretofore unknown or known only in imperfect copies.\* A number of these contain first or early drafts of important poems, several of which are reproduced in facsimile.

Has she risen to this rich opportunity? As biographer, yes. Here are no inert materials, elaborated upon merely for the sake of providing context. Her design 'to make the reader feel as though he were living with Keats' is amply fulfilled. And this, not so much through the enlargement of our knowledge of Keats's own day-by-day doings (though this is not lacking), as by the re-creation of his environment, the bringing to life of those with whom he came into contact. It is peculiarly true of Keats with his responsive and affectionate nature that only so could the fluctuations of his moods and of his creative power be understood. Tireless patience in piecing *minutiae* together; ingenuity in inference; the courage which, after sufficiently grounding an inference, must build upon it as a fact—these are qualities which Miss Lowell has in ample (the last named perhaps almost too ample) measure.

And what now of the second question? Likely to stand as the definitive biography, does the book equally justify itself as criticism? Wherever Miss Lowell is able to forget her rôle as challenger for the New Poetry and apply her fund of sturdy common sense, the results are admirable. Is Boccaccio's *Il Filocolo* the source of the *Eve of St. Agnes*? Sensibly she replies that the story is part of the age-old fabric of romance. Is it necessary to ferret out a source of the *Ode to Melancholy*? 'Keats did not find his paradox in Burton, Fletcher, or any other of his forerunners, but in . . . his own heart.' Nor do such dismissals spring from superficiality or indifference. Her range of knowledge is both wide and thorough. Her study of *Endymion* particularly is remarkable in its detection of literary influences.

\*The most notable of Miss Lowell's 'finds' is the so-called 'lost' letter written by Keats to Woodhouse, September 22, 1819, containing the first draft of the *Ode to Autumn* and two passages from the fragment *Hyperion: A Vision*. Four years ago Miss Lowell gave this—without critical comment—to the *Keats Memorial Volume*. Now she makes it the *point d'appui* for an ingenious but not altogether convincing theory that Keats's first experiment with the *Hyperion* theme was the *Vision*; his second, the Miltonic fragment; and that at the date of this letter he had set to work once more on the *Vision*. This is in essence a return to the view once held by Lord Houghton. Modern opinion, following Sir Sidney Colvin, has assumed that the *Vision* is the later, and reflects the state of disillusionment with his art which Keats arrived at in his closing years. It cannot be said that Miss Lowell has proved her point, but it must be conceded that she has fairly re-opened the question.

But such problems as these grow only on the foothills of Parnassus. It would be an exaggeration to say that subtler perceptions are denied her by her very theory of poetry—but there are moments when that seems the only possible explanation. The colourful imagery of *Endymion* delights her. She is rapt to rare superlatives by the directness and concreteness of the *Grecian Urn*. These things are autochthonous, genuine, 'honest.' 'A modern student can find much of the most evident of present day trends' in them. But let Keats, once turning aside from these direct appreciations, these concrete images, essay the magnificence of Milton—forthwith Miss Lowell's perceptions cease to function. In *Hyperion*, with all its glories, there are, alas, no 'present day trends'. *Hyperion* is a failure not because it is not good, but because it is not honest. Keats is not speaking with his own voice, this sedate and stately pattern is none of his, there is no settled conviction here. This is merely a tracing from a pattern of an older age, and tracings are not genuine art no matter how deftly they are done.' One might as well say that the *Aeneid* must be a failure because Virgil was 'tracing from a pattern' of Homer, or that there are no great, no 'honest' passages in *Richard II* because Shakespeare was writing under the spell and in the manner of Marlowe. And so, as though it were a waste of time to examine it line by line as *poetry*, as she has done with *Endymion* and the Odes, she dismisses the question of the literary merit of *Hyperion* with the remark: 'I quite agree with Keats in considering it a failure.'

This is, of course, the major instance of her obsession. Minor instances could be cited if space permitted; but enough has been said to show that while Miss Lowell's *Life* must now stand as the definitive biography, it will not supplant, and indeed does not vie with, Colvin's book as a critical estimate.

E. K. BROADUS.

### BELLOC IN THE DOLDRUMS

MR. PETRE, by Hilaire Belloc, with twenty-two pictures by G. K. Chesterton (Arrowsmith; pp. 310; \$2.00);

THE CRUISE OF THE NONA, by Hilaire Belloc (Constable; pp. xiv, 347; 15/-).

WHEN a simple English gentleman of moderate means and habits suffers a loss of memory on the boat train from Liverpool, loses the luggage which would have established his identity, and is mistaken on his arrival at the Savoy for the most powerful and secretive of American multi-millionaires, there is matter for a comedy; and we envy Mr. Belloc his conception almost as much as his good fortune in having Mr. Chesterton's pencil available to illustrate it. Mr. Petre, sure of nothing but his name, and pathetically

determined to keep his humiliation secret, goes where the wind of John K. Petre's reputation blows him, is swept into the vortex of Big Business by the currents of greed that run strong under the surface of social life, and finds himself enriched beyond the dreams of avarice by the labours of his new associates, who eagerly carry through the arduous transactions which the magic of his name makes possible, and find in his every unsophisticated word and action proof of a cunning so profound as to baffle simple financiers like themselves. In its early pages this story promised to rival *The Green Overcoat* as a genial satire on our times; but as we were introduced to one vile type after another of the usurers who rule England for their gain, we were more reminded of that sustained vindictive snarl which Mr. Belloc once palmed off on us as a novel under the innocuous title of *Mr. Clutterbuck's Election*. Undoubtedly the prolonged misery of Mr. Petre's association with the sons of Mammon makes the contrast of his restoration to himself and other decent society more effective, but that comes so late that we close the book with a bitter taste still lingering in our mouth—which is, perhaps, the author's sombre intention.

In *The Cruise of The Nona* we expected better things; the title smacked of blue water and fresh winds, and it seemed fitting that an Englishman who loves the sea should make the cruise of his ship the setting for his thoughts on England; for, as Mr. Belloc says, 'it is in the hours when he is alone at the helm, steering his boat along the shores, that a man broods most upon the past, and most deeply considers the nature of things'. But it is a pity that he did not spend more of his hours on the *Nona* in considering the nature of things, and less in brooding over his past. When he is considering the mystery of the tides or the character of harbours he brings us under the spell of his old and singular charm, but passages like these come as rare interludes in the billious jeremiad of a disappointed man against the rottenness of public life, the prostitution of the press, the folly of heretics, knavery of financiers, and general decadence of the times. Mr. Belloc is sick of it all; he has given up fighting and fallen to carping; we share a good many of his antipathies and are as little satisfied as he is with the state of the world; but we wish his prejudices were less cankerous and his faith more staunch. We are almost persuaded that his aversion to doctors has been the cause of a neglected disorder assuming serious proportions; we do not know what gland it is that supplies the milk of human kindness in a man, but apparently it has ceased to function in Mr. Belloc—and that is a queer complaint to find in a good Catholic.

Mr. Belloc's Catholicism has always coloured his opinions on everything from cabbages to Mussolinis;

that is natural, and we did not mind when he used to belabour heretics with a pen like a cudgel and a voice like a gramophone; but nowadays he writes with a pen dipped in bile, and though his voice still has the resonance of a Victrola we do not recognize it as his Master's. As a youth, unfortunately, he was told by Cardinal Manning that 'all human conflict is ultimately theological', and it made so deep an impression on him that he now envisages the future as a war to the death between Catholic and Protestant. As a gifted son of the Church, we wish he had brooded less on the words of Cardinal Manning, who served it, and more on those of St. Paul, who founded it; for though a prophet may speak with the tongues of men and of angels but has not charity he is nothing. Faith, hope and charity alike seem to have deserted Mr. Belloc. We do not know what remedy to suggest for his parlous condition, but he might try singing in his bath every morning this verse from a song of his earlier days:

I thank my God for this at the least,  
I was born in the west and not in the east,  
And he made me a human instead of a beast,  
Whose hide is covered with hair.

If it works, there is still time for him to go down on his marrowbones, praise his Maker that he is not a chimpanzee, or even a Hairy Ainu, and get back into the battle. His is too good a blade to rust in the idleness of despair.

### THE IRISH STATE

HISTORY OF THE IRISH STATE TO 1014, by Alice Stopford Green (Macmillans in Canada; pp. ix, 436; \$3.75);

THE STORY OF THE IRISH NATION, by Francis Hackett (Talbot Press; pp. x, 402; \$1.75);

IRELAND, by Stephen Gwynn (Benn; pp. 252; \$3.50).

THESE three books represent three aspects of historical writing. Mrs. Green is a professional historian. Mr. Hackett is a brilliant journalist who achieved remarkable distinction with the *New Republic*. Mr. Gwynn is a man of affairs. The volumes then will make an appeal each to a different class of readers.

Mrs. Green's work is a distinct advance on her previous experiments in Irish history. The usual charm and brilliance of her writings is of course evident throughout, but her approach is more detached and more critical. She acknowledges professional and personal guidance from Dr. Eoin MacNeill—and no greater master is available—and at every point we see the influence of his unique position in early Irish history. On the other hand, Mrs. Green is far from being a mere pupil. The width



of her research is obvious even to a casual reader, and on the whole she has succeeded in her purpose of making a serious contribution to Irish cultural history. Her success lies eminently in the historical synthesis which emerges, and we believe that there is hardly available anything better than the chapters dealing with institutions and laws. The professional reader will undoubtedly see the old fault of over-emphasis, and there is not a little idealization. The religious aspects of the subject suffer at the expense of any serious criticism of the religious extremes. Nor does the estimate of Ireland's early peaceful life carry with it conviction. It is made at the expense of well authenticated troubles. In addition, historians will not accept *in toto* a following of Dr. MacNeill which takes no account of certain doubts about his conclusions. However, the book is a welcome addition to any scholar's library and the general reader will not go far astray if he is interested in a fascinating historical field.

Mr. Hackett's book is journalistic—but of the best type. His early volume (*Ireland*, 1918) was a brilliant piece of modern interpretation. The present book has all the same brilliance—the pregnant suggestive style, the atmospheric phrase, word grouping that 'hits off' an historical character or fact—O'Connell, 'like a vast balloon that sagged and flapped ingloriously until pumped from outside'; *The Times*, 'the journalistic holy of holies'; Parnell, 'a leader with not one drop of slave-blood'; Redmond, 'a parliamentary chairman not a popular leader', and so on. It is a dangerous way to write Irish history, and the pitfalls cover the land. We have no hesitation, however, in saying that Mr. Hackett's book is by far the best of its class. The approach is undoubtedly Irish, and the impression is that of strong love and undying faith. The Anglo-Saxon journals will call it all uncritical; but were it written by that academic journalist, Alison Phillips, they might not appreciate an obvious *tu quoque*. Not that we would compare Mr. Hackett with the T. C. D. propagandist. We only mention him to suggest that, writing as a journalist, Mr. Hackett often achieves the dignity of an historian and that Mr. Alison Phillips, writing as an historian, proves himself an inferior journalist. Love does not close Mr. Hackett's eyes or numb his reason—with all its limitations the lover's history is far truer to life than that of the hater, the scorner, the superior.

Mr. Stephen Gwynn's book will command by far the most popular audience. It is not technically historical and he writes not of remote historical events, but of the immediate past and of the present. In other words, we get a view of Ireland by a man whose cultural and political life has made him a keen and close observer and a judicious critic.

Especially valuable are his chapters dealing with the social groupings, with education, with the Gaelic Movement, with the Churches, with industry and labour. Mr. Gwynn touches hands with the new and valuable school of Irish historians. Not that he is professional: but in objectivity, in insight, and in interpretation he is always viewing events in the cold light of reason. His passion is restrained. His evaluation of defects and virtues is sober. For the understanding of the immediate present his book is invaluable. As far as we know it is the best avenue of approach to present-day Irish affairs. On the whole the three books under review are worthy of a place in any library, and Mr. Gwynn's book ought to be read by everyone interested in a difficult and delicate social and political experiment.

### FICTION'S VEIL

THE PAINTED VEIL, by Somerset Maugham (Heinemann; pp. 289; 7/6).

THE author's usual theme, the tyranny of passion, is here worked out in two lives, with opposite results. Walter Fane is irresistibly fascinated by beautiful Kitty Garstin, and marries her while perfectly aware of her vulgarity of mind and indifference to himself. She accepts him from motives of convenience, and six months later, in the Chinese station where her husband's scientific work is located, she gives herself with glad abandon to an intrigue with Charles Townsend, a man thoroughly accomplished in such affairs. Fane's bitterness when he makes the discovery is all directed against his own tragic mistake; for Kitty he has only a grim ironic silence. Since Townsend is not prepared to redeem any of his profuse and easy promises, but clings to his wife and his career, Fane insists that Kitty shall accompany him on an expedition into a plague-infected area where he has offered his services as a bacteriologist. Here he dies, unreconciled but undefeated, with a jest on his lips; and here Kitty first begins to think and to question life. The devoted people who nurse the sick seem to her to possess some secret which she covets, and she tries to be of service. She regrets but does not repent her former wrongdoing; it now appears to her stupid and disgusting, and Townsend utterly repellent in retrospect. Yet when she returns to the government station and is a guest of the Townsends, her relations with him are immediately renewed. This second compliance fills her with horror and bewilderment at her own weakness, and through it she reaches at last a sort of spiritual maturity, in which pity for human bondage inspires the resolve to save her unborn daughter from the follies of her own youth.

Walter Fane is a dignified figure; in him the

author displays his remembered power of looking steadfastly at the ironies of existence. But unfortunately Kitty holds the centre of the stage, and she is felt to be inconsistent and unconvincing. The girl who 'plays the marriage market' in the early chapters is incapable of any development of character, and the development she is supposed to attain is unsatisfying and gives no repose; it is presented as a doctrine rather than a concrete emotional attitude. The same unreality pervades all her spiritual experience, while her physical experiences are grossly real. For example, the power of beauty is said to touch her spirit at the sight of an ancient Chinese city at dawn, but the description conveys nothing of the intended spell. Mr. Maugham's vocabulary and his sense of the music of words is inadequate for such a purpose, though in terse, rapid narrative and photographic dialogue his very limitations of style become a sort of power.

THE NIGHTINGALE (A LIFE OF CHOPIN), by Marjorie Strachey (Longmans; pp. 305; \$2.25).

CHOPIN'S lost letters have recently been discovered, and have yielded material for this book of Miss Strachey's. As a publisher's note explains, it is an attempt to give reality to the life of Chopin by treating it as fiction, but, having read it, his life remains to us no more real than most matters of fact. 'Fiction,' said Conrad, 'is nothing but Truth drawn out of her well and clothed in the painted robe of imaged phrases.' That is a true saying; but in this case, although it seems on the surface an excellent one for the application, something has gone wrong. Perhaps Chopin's letters were not found in a well, or it may be that the modiste is at fault. The experiment would have been more successful if Miss Strachey had not included many incidents which may have their value as authentic happenings in the life of the artist, but have no relevance to the story. The various aspects of Chopin's character—his conceit, his sensitiveness, his jealousy, and his delicate romanticism—are revealed in a succession of snapshots rather than a comprehensive portrait of an integral personality; but the book will interest all lovers of Chopin, and it gives some interesting sidelights on that more robust figure of his day, George Sand.

OVERHEARD, by Stacy Aumonier (Doubleday, Page; pp. 296; \$2.00).

Those who enjoyed that unusual novel *The Querrils* will anticipate something out of the common run in a book of short stories by Mr. Aumonier, and they will not be disappointed. He possesses a happy fertility of invention that is a source of pleasant surprises for his readers, coupled with

that rarer quality of versatility that is only properly appreciated in a short-story writer when his book is found in collected form. It is regrettable that he should have permitted three tales to be included which are not of a quality to merit the distinction, but the others reveal a sensitiveness to life and a command of his medium for which we could forgive him much.

THE RECTOR OF MALISEET, by Leslie Reid (Dent; pp. 272; \$2.00).

WHOEVER loves English country and English villages will enjoy this book. The action takes place in a remote Devonshire rectory, and the surroundings are pictured with exquisite truth and minuteness; we see, smell, and handle the ancient church, the lanes, the garden, and the tangled woods. Not that this is a merely 'descriptive' novel; on the contrary, it revolves around a well-sustained mystery, and the setting is everywhere most happily used to create atmosphere for the dramatic moment. The characters also, though not profoundly complex, are vividly presented, and have each something of that gracious charm which pervades the whole book.

SANDITON. FRAGMENT OF A NOVEL, written by Jane Austen (Oxford; pp. 170; \$2.25).

Any 'new' Jane Austen fragments must be interesting, and this broken and unfinished novel is not without delightful characteristic pages. Genteel and leisurely as ever, the gentlemen and ladies of the story become absorbed in the daily round of gossip, tea-drinking, and flirtation. It is pleasant to know that Mr. Parker was very happily married, that he was of easy though not large fortune, and that when he sprained his ankle he was tended back to health by a thoroughly respectable family. But it is a mere sketch that we have, and its charm is probably only felt by those who so love Jane Austen that they are glad to read anything she wrote.



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## A GREAT RUSSIAN

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF ANTON TCHEKHOV, translated and edited by S. S. Koteliansky and Philip Tomlinson (Cassell: pp. 314; 16/-).

THIS translation contains about 300 letters, selected from some 1,800 published in the original Russian edition. They cover the years 1876-1904. The selection seems to have been most carefully made, for the impression, both of Tchekhov's personality and of the period of Russian literature covered by his life is clear and full.

Running right through the book, uniting the doctor with the writer, the brother and friend with the critic, is an unassailable respect for human nature. He has no illusions; he feels profoundly the limits set by this and that; he sees no magical transcending of the bounds of ordinary life. His prevailing mood is serene, and he is able as a rule to find deep satisfaction in his work both as doctor and as writer. Naturally when he is below his best he becomes bored, but beyond this there is very little change of mood. His absorbed interest in ordinary life rarely reaches excitement (his visit to Siberia is exceptional); he has the perfect self-possession which is unlovable unless the self so possessed is rich and strong. There is no doubt that Tchekhov is a man to love as well as to admire.

His attitude to his own writings and to literature in general is also intense without becoming excited. Over Tolstoy alone does he come near losing his head. In 1900 he writes:

His illness scared me and kept me at tension. I am afraid of Tolstoy's death. If he were to die there would be a big vacuum in my life. Firstly, I never loved anyone as I love him; I am not a believing man, but of all beliefs I consider his faith the nearest and most akin to me. Secondly, while Tolstoy is in literature it is easy and pleasant to be a writer; even to be aware that one has done nothing and is doing nothing is not so terrible, since Tolstoy does enough for all. His work serves as the justification of all the hopes and anticipations built upon literature. Thirdly, Tolstoy stands firmly, his authority is immense, and while he lives, bad tastes in literature, banality of every kind, impudent or lachrymose, all the bristling, exasperated vanities will remain far away, deep in the shade. His moral authority alone is capable of maintaining on a certain height the so-called literary moods and currents.

As for his own work, the inspiration to write was so steady that he hardly believes in its existence. His head is full of themes, and his sense of form is unfailing and exacting, but he includes himself in a general lament over Russian literature:

Remember that the writers whom we call eternal or simply good and who intoxicate us have one common and very important characteristic: they get somewhere, and they summon you there, and you feel, not with your mind,

but with your whole being, that they have a certain purpose and, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, do not come and excite the imagination for nothing. . . . And, we? We! We paint life as it is, and beyond that—no 'gee-up' nor 'gee-down'. . . . We have neither immediate nor remote aims, and in our souls—a great emptiness. We have no politics, we do not believe in revolution, we have no God, we are not afraid of ghosts, and I personally have no fear even of death and blindness. He who desires nothing, hopes for nothing, and is afraid of nothing, cannot be an artist.

Tchekhov is probably right in thinking that it is lack of enthusiasm which keeps himself and his contemporaries from supreme greatness. Perhaps he carries the objectivity which he values so highly too far, and forgets that the greatest writers have succeeded in giving a good deal of themselves to their readers. 'Subjectivity,' he writes, 'is an awful thing—even for the reason that it betrays the poor writer hand over fist.'

Fortunately for his admirers this volume of letters gives a very satisfactory betrayal of this particular poor writer.

## BARE SOULS

BARE SOULS, by Gamaliel Bradford (Harper; pp. xiii, 340, \$4.00).

GAMALIEL BRADFORD has a fondness for the word 'soul'. He wrote about the 'soul' of Samuel Pepys; he wrote about *Damaged Souls*; and now he writes about *Bare Souls*. The titles, reinforced by the ejaculations of certain reviewers, caused in our own soul a fever of expectation as of one about to be initiated into a select psychological fraternity. Now that the crisis has passed we realize that we either expected too much or got too little. The 'souls' were originally the property of the following: Voltaire, Thomas Gray, Horace Walpole, William Cowper, Charles Lamb, John Keats, Gustave Flaubert, and Edward Fitzgerald. The souls are made bare by the simple process of dealing only with the letters these people write. Apparently the author studied the letters in each case, made himself thoroughly familiar with the details, and then worked out a verbal picture of the mind revealed by the letters. The result might have been called 'Footnotes to the biographies of some writers whose letters I have read'; and if *Bare Souls* is a better title for purposes of advertisement, the amended form would have the advantage of greater veracity.

Is it an axiom that a man does lay bare his soul in his letters? Diplomats and politicians and even highwaymen might do so, for they might confess many things in a private letter which they would not wish to make public, but writers are always writers and it is doubtful whether they do not reveal in their



art more than they imagine, or conceal more in their letters than they do in their published writings. Occasionally our author suspects that the letter-writer was actually posing, and that is another trap for the unwary. In brief, it is doubtful whether letters are in any way a peculiar revelation of the soul: they may be only another part of the total output of the writer. As such they have their value. In this case the outcome is a series of speeches of well-known men, interesting because the men themselves are interesting for other reasons. By making one characteristic the centre of the description the author succeeds in leaving a definite impression: Voltaire is destructively constructive; Walpole is aristocratically ineffective; Cowper thinks chiefly about hell; Fitzgerald is an epitome of æsthetic idleness. This is a method which produces a striking portrait, and it has its merits.

Sketches of this kind should not be allowed to take the place of mere comprehensive biographies: they are liable to distort the judgment of the hasty reader, who never considers for himself the original sources; but they are entertaining, probably true in the main points, and well worth reading.

### THE STUDIO

THE STUDIO YEAR BOOK OF DECORATIVE ART, 1925, with foreword by Frank Brangwyn (*The Studio*; pp. xv, 194; 450 illustrations, 8 coloured plates; paper 7/6, cloth 10/6);

MODERN MASTERS OF ETCHING, No. 4; J. L. FORAIN, with introduction by Malcolm C. Salaman (*The Studio*; pp. 7; 12 plates; 5/-).

THESE two volumes are worthy additions to the library of *Studio* publications. To artist, draughtsman, and connoisseur alike they are valuable for pleasure, reference, or information.

Speaking in the downright manner of his painting, Mr. Brangwyn says in his introduction to the *Year Book*:

People now are beginning to want beauty,—wherever they can get it, even in office waiting-rooms and back kitchens. In small things as well as great, mankind is beginning to feel the need of the service of Art in the common life. That service is a three-fold partnership. It must include the man who makes and wants to sell,—the manufacturer; the man who can design what the first man makes,—the designer; and the man who can induce the public to buy it,—the salesman or advertiser; . . . the man on whom the first responsibility falls is the designer.

The book does not deal with advertising, but in a broad survey of Architecture, Furniture Decoration, Gardens, etc., it shows the results of the recent partnership of designer, manufacturer and client in Great Britain and many Continental countries and the United States. There is only one solitary example

from Canada, and, critical as we may be of our own country, we are sure it can make a better showing than that. There are a few gardens in Toronto, and the efficiency of our modern heating has not altogether destroyed the cosy domesticity of the fireside among us. We are getting to feel sufficiently at home in our own country to want to develop a style of beauty having a proper fitness to our conditions. Think, for instance, of the possibilities in gay colour and decorative character of our summer cottages. A very pleasant garden or verandah hour may be spent over the many varied illustrations of the *Year Book*, and as a reference volume it will be of great help in the maturing of a Canadian ideal.

The fourth issue of the *Modern Masters of Etching* presents twelve examples of the work of J. L. Forain. The extraordinary merit of this series of reproductions is now well established, and the Forain issue maintains it. For his earlier work Forain was praised by high authority as 'decidedly the most interesting newspaper illustrator of his whole generation, the one whose ephemeral art most closely approaches grand painting'. His etching is the flower of many years of draughtsmanship, lithography, and illustration. Mr. Salaman finds in it the work of 'the master-etcher, . . . a great expressive artist in the full maturity of his powers, and a man rich in a compassionate humanity'. Comprehensiveness of composition and simplicity of pictorial treatment mark the work of Forain. He conveys always an intense dramatic emotion of the moment portrayed, whether in a French law court, an incident of the crucifixion, or among the sick at Lourdes. And this is done with a free running line, often scribbled loosely for tone, somehow suggesting in its broken continuity the movement of the feeling. Again one must praise *The Studio* for these admirable reproductions. One can imagine them taken out of their covers and decorating many a studio, hall, or dining-room.

### MAKERS OF CANADA

THE LIFE OF THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE, by Isabel Skelton (Garden City Press; pp. vi, 554; \$4.00);

D'ARCY MCGEE, by Alexander Brady (*Canadian Statesmen II*; Macmillans in Canada; pp. 182; \$1.00).

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN, FOUNDER OF NEW FRANCE, by Ralph Flenley (*Canadian Men of Action III*; Macmillans in Canada; pp. 149; \$1.00).

THE centennial year of D'Arcy McGee's birth was a fitting occasion for the publication of two monographs upon his life. Of these Mrs. Skelton's is the more complete, as the author has not been limited by considerations of space. Contemporaries were agreed in believing McGee's greatness to have been that of the prophet and orator. But the prophets of a generation gone are difficult subjects for the

biographer. The ideals which they held forth have often been realized only to become the commonplaces of the political heirs. Oratory is an ephemeral art; Mid-Victorian oratory, particularly, strikes a modern audience as too solid in its design and too flamboyant in its decoration. Mrs. Skelton has done well to give lengthy extracts and detailed analyses of McGee's speeches, for their value to Canadians to-day is not so much beauty of expression as vigorous and tolerant argument.

Mrs. Skelton has shown us a living man, but has been too diffident to attempt a fresh estimate of his work and character. This Mr. Brady has achieved. Behind the seven brief chapters of his narrative are minute investigation and a careful judgment on men and events. This is as true of the episodes in Ireland and in the United States as of the years in Canada. Perhaps the man McGee is occasionally lost in the march of events; but no one can close the book without realizing McGee's significance in Canadian politics. By temperament and by experience he was peculiarly fitted to be the prophet of the federation era; Ireland had taught him to love liberty; the United States had made him dread excesses. He was at once balanced in his views and frank in his speech, and so he was capable of exciting the desire for federation, and of allaying the heat of political controversy.

Mr. Flenley's *Champlain* needs no extended recommendation. Never before has this subject been so briefly and yet so completely treated. The maps which adorn the inside covers of the volume have been drawn upon modern outlines, and illustrated in the style of Champlain's original charts. They are a happy combination of geographical accuracy with the atmosphere of ancient cartography—an idea which might well be used in other books about the same period.



EUGENE O'NEILL has had the unique experience of making for himself a tremendous reputation by writing a great number of comparative failures. Everybody talks about his dramas, but few people have actually seen them performed. All of them are produced on Broadway, where they run for a short time amid much acclaim and then disappear from view. Only one of them has enjoyed a lengthy run, and it is impossible to say whether *Desire Under the Elms* would have lasted for an entire season but for the advertising that it received when the producer withstood the efforts of the moral reformers who wished to trim it to fit their pattern for making an

innocuous play. Only two of his dramas, *The Emperor Jones* and *Anna Christie*, have been able to tour successfully and draw the necessary box-office support in the Provinces. The best of them are being presented now in England and in various European countries, where the critics, mostly, praise them and the play-goers, mostly, stay away from the performances. Yet Eugene O'Neill is universally recognized as the outstanding American dramatist, and no one seriously disputes the title with him.

One doubts if any dramatist has ever gone as far with as little popular success. Of course, the best writers seldom please the largest public, and box-office returns have no relation to artistic merit, or *Abie's Irish Rose* would be the great American drama. But the eminent dramatists of other lands, from Shaw to Molnar and from Rostand to Ibsen, have enjoyed popular as well as critical success. In that respect O'Neill differs from all of them.

Eugene O'Neill first showed that he was unlike other American dramatists when he made the Broadway producers accept him. As his plays were always different from the passing fashions in the theatre he could not get a hearing, but he refused to compromise with the commercial managers. At first his short plays were produced by the little theatre groups round New York. The presentation of *Beyond the Horizon* at special matinées by one adventurous manager helped him forward, and then came the success of *The Emperor Jones*, produced by the Provincetown Players. Since that he has had no trouble getting a hearing, but his record of popular successes remains amazingly small—*Anna Christie*, *Desire Under the Elms* and, to a lesser degree, *The Hairy Ape*, over against which can be written a long list of failures. In the smaller cities he remains practically unknown. For example, in Toronto we have seen *The Emperor Jones*, and non-professional players have shown us *Gold* and *In the Zone*. *Anna Christie* passed us by, being barred by that absurd person, the theatrical censor.

In writing his plays, Eugene O'Neill is a law unto himself, and to that liberty may be traced his faults as well as his virtues. No dramatist has ever combined so many theatrical defects with so much sense of the theatre. Even a person who does not pretend to be an expert will notice when reading an O'Neill play that his technique is awkward. The arrangement of scenes often calls for incidents that cannot be done in a convincing manner on the stage, and sometimes the unfolding of his narrative is surprisingly crude. In *Gold*, for example, everything is held up while the characters tell one another the plot, for no earthly reason except to inform the audience. But no one remembers these defects when caught in the drive of intense emotional power that no other

American dramatist has ever possessed in a similar degree.

The dramatic quality of O'Neill ought to appeal to a large play-going public, but the trouble is that other characteristics of his drama discount it. People refuse to accept his interpretation of life. Invariably he selects stories that depict the disintegration of character, as the result of unhealthy environment or on account of a personal defect. He has been praised as a realist who does not endeavour to dodge the inevitable end. Without being a defender of the happy ending, I believe that the unhappy ending may be just as arbitrary. I frequently feel about an O'Neill play that he is deliberately dragging his characters to their doom. With determination he shepherds them past the avenues of escape towards the slide on which he knows that they will all go sprawling. That is erring in the opposite direction from the petrified dodging of consequences.

Also Eugene O'Neill has a failing for tortured emotionalism. In the majority of his longer plays, characters suffer with an unnecessary vehemence. The normal man on this continent refuses to accept the psychology of an O'Neill play as true—it is more common in Europe. When *Gold* was presented in Toronto I heard considerable discussion of the agonized mental processes of the son, whose father had been warped physically, mentally, and morally by his lust for gold. The youth does not win the sympathy of the average audience because he is so unreasonably neurotic. O'Neill over-weights a drama with suffering, and playgoers are revolted by what they feel to be torture carried to the point where it becomes hectic and unhealthy.

Until the public becomes attuned to those two characteristics of Eugene O'Neill, or until he tones them down, I believe that he will not be widely popular on this continent.

My own feeling about O'Neill is that he depends too much upon externals to secure a suggestion of terror or horror or pity. If he can think of an outward expression to emphasize the point of his story, he never seeks more subtle means. To that degree he shares with his fellow-countrymen who write for the stage their love of violence. You have personified agony in the O'Neill plays in all forms, from hallucination and insanity, down the scale. In one play that deals with the disagreement of a husband and wife over the bringing into the world of a child, the screams off-stage of a woman in child-birth play an important part. I can think of only two reasons for such a scene—either a desire for cheap sensationalism, which no one will urge against O'Neill, or a fatal confusion of external illustration with inner spiritual processes. For that reason I have always found O'Neill much more heartless than Bernard Shaw,

whom some dull critics still accuse of being purely cerebral. There is more outward show of emotion in an O'Neill play, but the roots do not strike deep. I wonder if the general public may not instinctively feel that surface quality in the American dramatist.

On the whole, it is not easy to understand the unqualified enthusiasm of the O'Neill admirers. I am not going to say anything about his entire lack of beauty, for that is a quality that can hardly be found at all in the American drama. Like so many modernists, he apparently prefers ugliness. I acknowledge the grip and the power of his big scenes. At such moments you cannot resist him, and you forget the arid passages so recently crossed. But the thing for which Eugene O'Neill deserves most praise was his determination to break away from the stencils of Broadway. He proved himself a giant among pigmy dramatists when he alone defied the managers and play-tinkers of New York and insisted upon doing the thing that he wanted to do in the way that he wanted to do it. You may bring your laurel wreaths to Eugene O'Neill for other reasons, but mine will be a tribute to a man who made Broadway producers accept him on his own terms.

FRED JACOB.

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## TRADE AND INDUSTRY

### THE SLUMP IN BRITAIN

BY G. E. JACKSON

THE most casual of newspaper readers has recently been made aware that in Britain there is an increasing note of pessimism. It is not merely that British business is faced with what may prove to be the most serious labour dispute within living memory. Even before the coal crisis appeared there was plainly to be noted a belief that something is fundamentally wrong with the structure of British economic life.

For a long time following 1920 there was a tendency to blame the reparations muddle for the depressed condition of the great export markets. Nor were the diagnosticians to be criticized who took this view. For if, as was evident from the first, the Peace Treaty which was so joyously celebrated in 1919, was a calamity for the vanquished Germans, it was as inevitably bound to be calamitous for the people of Britain and Canada. As has been insisted again and again in these pages, during the period from 1920-1924 a large part of the business difficulties and the real distress existing in Canada was due to the follies of the treaty-makers in the Hotel Majestic at Paris.

But the reparations muddle is a muddle no longer. No longer is Europe a nightmare of soaring prices and collapsing currencies. The Dawes Plan has substituted order for chaos with a speed incredible to most spectators. The northern (and more important) half of Europe has recovered its stability. The present is always the child of the past, and from that standpoint to-day's troubles may rightly be regarded as our legacy from yesterday's politicians; but the blind leaders of the blind who bulked so large a few years ago no longer possess the power to make mischief. The time has come to take stock of the conditions of the present, not in terms of diplomatic strategy, but rather of prices and wages.

Britain has to-day the same physical and moral assets, broadly speaking, as in 1913 or 1919; five great export industries backed by the reputation for fair dealing, an elaborate financial organization and an unparalleled industrial skill; on the other hand, a dependence on distant powers for her foodstuffs, which is a distinct element of danger. These conditions have not changed except in detail.

It is the terms of her trade, and not the mechanism of it, which must first be studied. With the same economic organization as before the war, and much the same industrial and intellectual equipment, Britain is trading with her neighbours on terms not in the least like those on which her former prosperity was supported.

The transformation is a familiar theme with British economists, and it happens that Professor A. L. Bow-

ley described it in detail to the British Association at its Toronto meeting twelve months ago. That transformation involves a double weakness, one which has long been regarded with misgiving and is shared by many countries, including our own, another which is almost peculiar to Britain, I believe, and was till recently regarded with a complacent eye.

The first of these weaknesses is that, in the so-called 'sheltered trades', the railwaymen, bricklayers, carpenters, masons, and so forth, are far more highly paid in relation to pre-war standards than the workers in export industries, who have to meet the world's competition. Before the war there was a rough equilibrium in any country between the scales of payment in the different industries. This equilibrium was such that the demands for one another's products by the workers in the different industries kept the whole industrial population fairly fully employed. To-day there is no such equilibrium. The workers in the sheltered trades maintain a level of wages which, in turn, makes their products so costly that the remainder of the population can only consume a limited proportion of them. Thousands of these workers are idle because their scale of charges is too high.

Thus, from the domestic standpoint, the men employed in export industries are handicapped in proportion, as their wages are out of equilibrium. The casual observer would describe these wages as 'too low'. The population of Britain as a whole has till recently maintained something like the pre-war standard of living, but averages are deceptive, and there are large numbers who have failed to do so.

Nevertheless, it is open to question whether, instead of being too low, these wage-rates are not, in fact, also too high. This brings us to the second of the two sources of weakness already mentioned—the high prices of British exports. The goods that Britain offers on the world's markets are too dear.

Just as, before the war, there was in any country some sort of an equilibrium between different rates of wages, for the reason already stated, so there was also, between the different countries of the world, a rough equilibrium of money prices, such that these countries, by trade and exchange, could obtain one another's products in quantities that were mutually satisfactory. So long as this equilibrium was maintained, all of them were moderately prosperous, but not otherwise.

Now that the war is over, it seems that money prices in most countries with 'solid' currencies are being stabilized at a level about 60% above that of 1913. We are feeling our way towards a fresh equilibrium at this advanced figure, and any very considerable local deviation from it rouses the suspicion that the goods responsible for such a deviation are priced too high (or too low) for stability.

Now the prices at which Britain is offering goods for export are still, or were till very recently, put on the market at prices not, on an average, 60% above those of 1913, but very considerably higher than that. It is beginning to look as though the purchasing power of Britain's customers overseas had been overestimated rather badly. If that impression (which admittedly cannot be proved) is a correct one, then within the next year or two there is bound to be quite a drastic scaling-down of Britain's export prices; and the margin of profit is to-day so narrow that this will almost certainly mean a scaling-down of wages in her export industries as well.

In other words, we may hazard the opinion that, not in the sheltered trades only, but throughout her industrial activities, Britain has established a post-war scale of wages that cannot be maintained. By Canadian standards her workers are at present poor. They are destined in all probability to become poorer. That 'world fit for heroes to live in', of which once that heard so much, is receding farther and farther into the future. Whatever they may legitimately hope for in the next, this world, as a result of relentless economic pressure, is becoming less fit for them to live in.

It is a relevant question how far recent policies, such as the return to the gold standard, may have contributed to the difficulties of the moment. But, if

the foregoing analysis is correct, it is not necessary to refer to such policies for an explanation of the main obstacles at hand. There is, in fact, a strong possibility that the present attitude of Lombard Street to foreign borrowers has made the situation, at least temporarily, worse than it need have been. But that, as Kipling has it, is another story.

## THE TREND OF BUSINESS

BY PHILIP WOOLFSON, A.M.

	Index of Wholesale Prices in Canada (1)	Volume of Employment in Canada (2)	Price of 20 Canadian Securities (3)	Cost of Selected Family Budget (4)
June 1925	171.5	94.5	116.3	\$20.67
May "	172.5	90.8	114.8	\$20.73
Apr "	174.7	87.2	114.6	\$20.82
Mar "	176.7	87.0	112.4	\$21.00
August 1924	175.5	94.7	92.0	\$20.57
July "	175.6	95.9	90.7	\$20.30
June "	172.0	95.2	89.2	\$20.22
May "	173.8	91.8	88.7	\$20.24

<sup>1</sup> Michell. Monetary Times. Base (=100) refers to period 1900-09.

<sup>2</sup> Dominion Bureau of Statistics. Records obtained from Employers. Base (=100) refers to Jan. 17, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the first of each month.

<sup>3</sup> Michell. Monetary Times. The following common stock quotations are included: Can. Bank of Commerce; C.P.R.; Dominion Textile; Dominion Bridge; Consumers' Gas; Bell Telephone; Penman's; Russell Motors; Can. Gen. Electric; Can. Steamship; Lake of the Woods Milling; Shawinigan Light and Power.

<sup>4</sup> Labour Gazette (Ottawa).

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